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WHILE THE GERMAN TRANSATLANTIC FLIERS were still marooned in the Gulf of St. Lawrence word came that Captain George H. Wilkins, with his pilot, Carl Ben Eielson, had made a non-stop flight of 2,200 miles from Point Barrow, Alaska, to Spitzbergen, which lies east of Greenland midway between Norway and the North Pole. They made the flight in twenty hours, and were forced down in a violent storm on Dead Man's Island, just north of the main coast of Spitzbergen. They remained in the cabin of their airplane for five days, when the weather cleared and it was possible to reach Green Harbor, on the main island, where there is a settlement and a wireless station. The Wilkins-Eielson flight was the more worth while since it was dictated by individual initiative and not by the herd ballyhoo that has lured many persons to their death on the transatlantic route. Wilkins and Eielson did not try to cross the Pole, keeping fifteen degrees to the south of it and skirting the northern coasts of Grant Land and Greenland. They had fine weather the first part of the way, and report that they saw only ice-covered sea in the region north of Alaska in which other explorers have believed land lay. The frail airplane is doing what has baffled ship and sledge and promises in a few years to strip the polar regions of their privacy if not of their harshness.

"MY IDEA WOULD BE not to try logic, or reason, but to try to pin the Bolshevik idea on my opponent." Thus Rob Roy MacGregor, handy man in Samuel Insull's propaganda organization, the "Illinois Committee on Public Utility Information." His chief, B. J. Mullaney, had written him asking what he had that would be "pertinent and useful" in a campaign for a United States Senatorship against a man who favored government ownership. Rob Roy replied, with a long draft of a speech asserting that "Not all the parlor pinks are in Greenwich Village; not all the deep-dyed Reds are wearing long hair and are building bombs. . . . Government ownership means the furthering of the cause of the Bolshevik," and concluding with the confidential advice about abandoning reason and logic. These sidelights on public-utility propaganda were discovered in the files of the Insull organization by W. B. Wooden, investigator for the Federal Trade Commission. The documents were written in March, 1928; in April neither Mr. MacGregor nor Mr. Mullaney could seem to recall how he happened to write them. Another letter found in their files, however, may help to explain; written on the stationery of the Nebraska Power Company, it called for "some work" in Nebraska on "account of Senator Norris and Senator Howell." Doubtless the bright young man was right; the only way the utility interests can defeat government ownership and men like Norris and Howell is "not to try logic, or reason, but to try to pin the Bolshevik idea on my opponent."

"MORE PEOPLE CUT THEIR OWN LAWNS and put in their own wood," says the Portland, Oregon, Y. M. C. A. "In spite of efforts from all quarters to convey the impression that business is prosperous, our records show that it is dull. . . . During the past month we have had an unusually large number of older men with families coming in to ask aid in securing employment." Flint, Michigan, another Y. M. C. A. report states, "has established patrols at the outskirts of the city and refuses to allow an applicant for work to enter the city unless he is properly financed." "It has been a trying time," Los Angeles says. "We have seen many men on the verge of breaking; some have disappeared." Chicago reports: "The demand for men was below normal throughout 1927, but the first months of 1928 show still further drop. The Illinois Department of Labor reports manufacturing employment at the lowest level since the war." Cleveland: "Hard to make placement without openings." Philadelphia: "The number of unemployed has increased since the first of the year." Pittsburgh: "We learn each day of other companies who are curtailing their force of employees." Coolidge prosperity?

IT DOES NOT REQUIRE the sanction of any court to suppress freedom of speech or assembly. Again and again it is done in this country through the arbitrary fiat of a chief of police or other executive, whose action is later overruled by the courts but survives long enough to accomplish all it was intended to do. Powers and Mary Donovan Hapgood have been freed of the charge of rioting in Pittston, Pennsylvania, without the case even going to a jury. Public meetings having been arbitrarily forbidden in the city, Mr. Hapgood and his wife appeared on the streets

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wearing arm-bands which said "We mourn free speech." They were clapped into jail, denied bail for three days, and finally released only upon putting up $2,500 each and an additional $2,500 bond to keep the peace. Yet at the trial the police called by the prosecution admitted that there had been no riot, no crowd, and no resistance to arrest, and the judge directed an acquittal without giving the case to the jury. Meanwhile life among the striking soft-coal miners drags on wearily. The executive board of the United Mine Workers, dominated by John L. Lewis, has expelled the members of the committee which organized the recent "save-the-union" convention, denouncing them as "communists." The Lewis machine should shake hands with those Daughters of the American Revolution who at their convention in Washington ran the steam-roller uncompromisingly over the women who, in the spirit of the mothers of the Revolution, sought to protest against the organization's "black list."

GOVERNOR DONAHEY'S NATIONAL GUARDSMEN have fed hungry children in the mining districts of Ohio and earned praise for their humanity and understanding. But unfortunately they have not limited their activities to opening relief stations. On April 21 a band of 75 women—most of them miners' wives—arrived in trucks at the Belmont County jail to protest against the arrest of five men held as leaders of the "save-the-union marches" which had been held during several days previous. The jail was surrounded by a line of National Guardsmen armed with rifles. The women hesitated at the entrance, uncertain how to meet this bristling array, until Lieutenant Colonel Caldwell, "National Guard observer," invited them to come in. When they were inside the jail the door was locked. As we go to press they are still behind bars and are about to be arraigned on a charge of rioting. The offense of the women is of little interest compared with the tricky cowardice of the officer who seemed to offer friendly assistance and then betrayed the people who trusted him. As the New York *World* suggests, he should be decorated with the "distinguished-service badge of the Order of the Double Cross."

WITH 27,000 TEXTILE WORKERS on strike in opposition to a 10 per cent reduction in wages, and with 56 New Bedford mills shut down as a result, the sad story of New England's depressed cotton industry comes to light once more. Earlier in the year similar wage cuts were declared in Lowell, Manchester, Taunton, and Fall River. Lowering of wages, of course, always tends to spread the effect of a depression. In New Bedford stores that find their overhead too great for the small sales are already closing; officials in various city departments have been given vacations without pay; dental clinics in public schools have been suspended; and the Park Board has announced that summer playgrounds will not be operated. However, while the outlook is dismal for the workers in New Bedford, we find a little ray of sunshine in the financial columns of the New York *Times* of April 18. The net profits of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company for 1927, we are cheered to learn, were $508,775—the largest in seven years. The workers in the Amoskeag mills, it will be remembered, were presented with a 10 per cent wage cut last Christmas Eve.

DR. EDGAR E. EVANS, formerly lieutenant in the Navy Medical Corps, has resigned from the service because of what he discovered while on duty in Nicaragua. He says that in four months' service in the Central American republic he "never met or even heard of an American citizen or a citizen of any other foreign country whose life had been endangered or whose property had suffered at the hands of either faction in the Nicaraguan civil strife, prior to the intervention of the United States Marines." He did, however, discover that we had "other designs" than mere protection, and hinted at the banking background of the work of the marines. Since the marines began their bombing, of course, everybody has suffered. Now Sandino has captured the La Luz and Los Angeles gold-mine and made its personnel prisoners. This is the fine irony of history. The La Luz mine has played a large role in Nicaraguan-American history. Eighteen years ago a certain Adolfo Diaz was earning $20 a week as a clerk for the mine. A year later, under protection of United States marines, he became President of Nicaragua, and it turned out that some $800,000 had been lent to the revolutionary government in his penniless name! And today our marines are again supporting in the Presidency that same Don Adolfo Diaz, erstwhile $20-a-week clerk in the Fletcher brothers' gold mine. Sandino has struck at the very wellspring of Yankee intervention.

GOOD ROADS ARE THE WORST ENEMIES of famine, and good roads are the weapon employed by the International Famine Relief Committee in China, with which the American Red Cross is cooperating, in fighting the Shantung famine. Millions are starving; but the areas of utter drought are local and circumscribed. Famine presses least in regions where roads provide avenues of escape for the hungry and of ingress for relief supplies. It is where the cost of carrying rice and wheat on a coolie's back eats up the food he carries that famine levies its harshest toll. Relief is being given to men who work on the roads and the dikes, and the map of the famine shows that the road-work done in previous famine years has borne its fruit this year. Some day in the not-too-distant future one may hope that good roads will link all China and make it impossible for one village to starve, while others, a hundred miles away, conduct business as usual. That communication systems pay, even in the midst of civil war, is shown by the balance-sheet of the Peking-Mukden Railroad, which last year did the biggest business in its history. China's population is so dense that almost any pair of rails laid down finds paying business from the day the first train whistles. These things will, a few years hence, loom larger than the topsy-turvy shifts of China's civil wars. Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang, allied Nationalist commanders, are again advancing upon Peking, and it seems likely that this time they will take the old North Capital from its present holder, Chang Tso-lin, the war-lord of Manchuria. But the acts and ambitions of the Nationalists today do not seem to be very different from those of the Northerners.

NO CHINESE MILITARIST would be so indiscreet as to break off diplomatic communications with his enemy—they are too well aware that they may be allies next month. In their dealings with foreigners North and South today largely agree. Despite the constant battles, they have just come to an amicable agreement regarding division of the postal business of the republic. They have also maintained a united front in negotiations which have led to the appointment of Chinese as Deputy Customs Commissioners, a post

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hitherto reserved for foreigners. And much the same process has been going on in the foreign settlements in Tientsin, in Northern territory, and in Shanghai, where the Nanking Government controls. The Municipal Council of the International Settlement of Shanghai, hitherto composed of nine aliens, will hereafter have three Chinese members, and six more Chinese advisers will sit with them, with somewhat less power. The parks, now closed to Chinese, are to be opened to all. Tientsin goes further still; there the Chinese have obtained full equality of representation. But the time is probably not far distant when the foreigners will not have even equal representation, but will be reduced to the status which they hold today in the erstwhile foreign settlements of Japan—tolerated, but closely watched, guests.

NORVIN LINDHEIM AND WALTER KAUFMANN were charged in 1918 with making a false report to the Alien Property Custodian, in connection with purchase of the New York *Evening Mail*. In 1920 they were convicted, sentenced to a year and a day in jail, and disbarred from practicing law. An hysterical war jury had heard that their law firm had, before the war, represented the German Government. It did not heed the lawyer's defense that their report was based on information given by a client. It gave a war verdict. Harlan F. Stone, when Attorney General, became convinced that the men were innocent, and at his instance President Coolidge pardoned them after they had served thirty days in jail. Application was then made for restoration to the bar. After the Court of Appeals, through Judge Cardozo, had overruled its first holding the Appellate Division of New York State reexamined the record and decided that since the verdict was based on inference the men were innocent before the court. They were ordered restored to practice. But the strain of the seven-year fight had been too much for Norvin R. Lindheim. He died six weeks before the vindication. S. Walter Kaufmann will return to the bar. Although blind since college days, he had made an enviable record in the law, and he repeated his success in the life-insurance business. We have heard a good deal this last year about jury verdicts and war hysteria. It is fortunate that New York State is not technically constrained as is Massachusetts. It is even more fortunate that some judges with a passion for justice, like Benjamin Cardozo, are on the bench. These lawyers have been vindicated, but—especially after death—that is not justice.

TWO IMPORTANT DECISIONS were handed down by the Supreme Court of the United States on April 9. First, the court upheld the so-called "flexible provision" of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act. It was contended that this section of the law was invalid because it delegated to the President legislative powers vested only in Congress. In other words, it was asserted that Congress could not give to the Tariff Commission the right to fix tariff rates. The court held that it could, and the Tariff Commission has therefore come to stay until Congress abolishes it as a futile organization. This we hope it will before long. It was furthermore urged against the tariff act that it was unconstitutional because it was avowedly drawn for the purpose of protecting certain industries, whereas Congress has the power to levy taxes and collect duties solely for the purpose of raising revenue. The court repeated its position in the child-labor tax case that Congress could levy a tax even if there was a subsidiary motive in doing so, such as the effort to destroy child labor, or to protect industry from specific foreign competition. By a five-to-four decision the court then upheld the conviction of Thomas J. Casey, a Seattle lawyer, for violation of the Anti-Narcotics Act. This was a plain case of shameless use of the *agent provocateur*. The Government set a trap and provoked the crime in order to convict the man. The minority of the Supreme Court denounced the Government's agent for this criminal conspiracy to convict a man, and to induce the crime. "No officer," said Justice Brandeis in his dissenting opinion, "has power to authorize the violation of an act of Congress, and no conduct of an officer can excuse the violations. . . . The Government may set decoys to entrap criminals, but may not provoke or create a crime and then punish the criminal, its creature." The other dissenters were Messrs. McReynolds, Butler, and Sanford.

WE PRINT THIS WEEK the prize-winning essay in a contest for college students who spent their last summer's vacation as wage-earners. In Autos and Jobs Andrew J. Steiger tells the story of Detroit—known as the home of Henry Ford, high wages, and prosperity—from the point of view of a worker who at the same time happened to be an observant young student of industrial conditions. Too many men and too few jobs, the standardization and speeding-up of work, no union—these are the factors, Mr. Steiger believes, which help to make the automobile industry inhuman and unmindful of the lives of those who keep its wheels in motion. A letter has come to our desk which has a special interest in the light of his observations. It was addressed to a Detroit firm by the Citizens' Committee of Detroit, and signed L. J. Flint, Executive Vice-President. It reads:

> We are asking the business men of Detroit to subscribe to the sustaining fund of the Citizens' Committee of Detroit.
>
> Please do not confuse the Citizens' Committee with the Citizens' League. Fifty-eight associations of business men comprise the Citizens' Committee. Our business is to maintain the American Plan of Employment in Detroit. In other words—to keep Detroit free from union-labor control.
>
> The American Federation of Labor is trying to unionize our factories and trades. If they are successful, it means untold hardships for our workmen and the expenditure of millions of dollars by our employers.
>
> No specific sum is asked of you. Just send as a yearly subscription whatever amount you think it is worth to you and your business to maintain Detroit's present position. Amounts range from $50 to $5,000.

ANANDAMURTI, with two assistants, converted 4,000 Indians from Christianity to Hinduism in Goa, Portugal's little colony on the west coast of India; and, to check the wave of conversions, the authorities expelled the Hindu pundit, with a threat of life imprisonment if he ever enters Portuguese territory again. Expulsion of Christian missionaries from Buddhist or Confucianist territory is matter for indignation and for preachments on religious freedom; but will there be protest in Christian lands at this curious manner of defending the message of Jesus? After all, Buddhist and Brahmin have as good a right to preach to converted Christians as Christians to convert Hindus; and possibly it will do this "Christian" world good to learn that all the conversions are not in one direction. The story of Jesus still holds its fascination, but in some parts of the East the actions of the Christians seem to speak louder than their words.

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The Multimillionaire Goes Free

THE acquittal of Harry F. Sinclair on the charge of entering into a criminal conspiracy with Albert Fall, Secretary of the Interior, to defraud the government in the matter of the naval oil leases is a grave blow to the administration of justice throughout the United States. From the Pacific to the Atlantic men and women, after witnessing the acquittal of Sinclair and Doheny, are declaring that it is settled that there are two kinds of justice—one for the rich, one for the poor. They are right, and their knowledge of this fact will do more harm to American institutions than all the soap-box orators who may be preaching a radical change in our form of government in the streets of our cities. Destroy faith in the equality of all men before the courts, and you go far toward toppling the government.

What makes this Sinclair acquittal so flagrant is that the man's guilt had already been determined by the highest court in the land—the Supreme Court itself. That tribunal set aside the lease secretly and covertly made with Sinclair by Fall as Secretary of the Interior and pronounced the whole proceeding tainted with fraud and corruption. There is no question about this; everybody knows it. Every sane man knows that the gift of $303,000 in bonds to Fall was a bribe, and that the pretense that it was payment for a one-third interest in a ranch assessed at $125,000 was merely an afterthought. Everybody knows that Mr. Everhart, Fall's son-in-law, once refused to testify as to this bond transaction on the ground that he would thereby incriminate himself. Not until a special act was passed by Congress enabling him to do so safely did he come forward and certify to the facts. Doheny and Sinclair, we repeat, have been branded as faithless and recreant, as swindlers of the government, by our highest tribunal. Yet neither is to go behind the bars where he belongs, and Mr. Fall bids fair likewise to escape.

As for the poor man? Well, before us lies the record of a case in the county court of Long Island City, in January last. One George Crawford, a Negro—an old offender, it is true—was sentenced to prison for from *five to ten years* for the theft, *four years previously, of a penny notebook* from a spectator at a boxing contest. No great lawyers to defend him! And here is the case of the eighteen-year-old boy David Gordon, who, for writing an "obscene" poem on America in a Communist journal, has been sentenced to spend up to three years in a reformatory, with the judges publicly wishing that they could increase his punishment! We suppose that the judges who have sentenced these youths would dislike to have it said of them that they are destroying respect for law and order and for our American institutions. But that is what they, and our lawless and murderous police, in America are doing. Let no man say that the cases of Messrs. Sinclair and Doheny are exceptions. Take that of the bootlegger George Remus, who deliberately murdered his wife in the streets of Cincinnati. Rich, able to hire the best criminal lawyers, Remus was acquitted on the ground of insanity and, after a couple of months' incarceration, has now been duly pronounced sane by an obliging board of medical men. When that trial began, newspapermen in Cincinnati stated openly that Remus was too rich, and knew too much about the lawlessness of rich and powerful persons in that city, to be convicted. They were right.

Where does the responsibility for this lie? In the case of Sinclair, it does not, we believe, rest with the jury. We know that the jurymen are being denounced as stupid dolts who could not see the obvious facts in an obvious case. This is grossly unfair. It is always extraordinarily difficult to prove a conspiracy charge because so much evidence is ruled out. In this case the jury was not allowed to know that Fall lied about the bond transaction with Sinclair and wrote to the Senate Public Lands Committee that he had never received a cent from Sinclair or Doheny "on account of any oil lease or upon any other account whatsoever." The jury was not allowed to know that Harry Sinclair is under a jail sentence for refusing to testify before a Senate committee about his transaction with Fall. It was not even allowed to hear one word about the Supreme Court decisions as to the guilt of Sinclair or Doheny! It was not permitted to learn that Fall lied about the Doheny transaction and made several attempts to get friends to pretend that they had lent him the $100,000 cash which Doheny sent to him in a black bag. It was only once allowed to hear a brief reference to the fact that Sinclair was guilty of tampering with the jury which preceded them. Its members were allowed to know nothing about the Continental Trading Company and all its ramifications, and, of course, the government could not call attention to the fact that the honorable Mr. Sinclair would not take the stand in his own behalf to testify to his honesty and highmindedness. Is it surprising that one of the jurors said afterward: "Why didn't they tell us all that stuff? How in hell did they expect us to know what it was all about when they didn't give us all the facts?" He added that he had learned more about the case by reading the afternoon paper than he had found out in the two weeks of the trial. Plainly, the guilt lies with those responsible for the court procedure. It rests with the whole bar of the United States which witnesses one such miscarriage of justice after another, which has heard the Chief Justice of the United States himself declare that the administration of justice in America is in itself nothing less than criminal, and yet does nothing.

Our bar associations are as indifferent as the rest. They meet, and discuss, and resolve, and the next year they meet, and discuss, and resolve again; and nothing happens. That an enormous amount of court corruption comes about through favoritism, even when no money passes, everyone knows, best of all the lawyers. Why was the son of a recent candidate for the Presidency allowed to go scot-free after he had operated his automobile in New York when intoxicated, knocking down one man, and seeking to escape the police, although they fired at least a dozen shots at him in their efforts to stop him? Had his name been Brown instead of Cox he would either be in jail or out on heavy bail this minute. No, the guilt for the miscarriage of justice in the Sinclair case lies not with the jury; it lies with the profession of the law and the judges themselves. How much longer will it be before they realize that they are undermining American government by their refusal to end these intolerable evils?

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The Wigwam Looks at the White House

Tam-ma-nee, Tam-ma-nee,
Big chief sits in his tepee,
Cheering braves to vic-to-ree.
Tam-ma-nee, Tam-ma-nee,
Swamp 'em, swamp 'em,
Get the wampum,
Tam-m-manee!

IF Alfred E. Smith, Governor of New York, becomes the nominee of the Democratic Party for the Presidency—as now seems almost certain to happen—he will be the first son of Tammany Hall ever put forward for that office. Samuel J. Tilden, who was the Democratic nominee in 1876, was a member of Tammany Hall in his early days, but he broke with it, and it was his fight against the Tweed Ring that made him Governor of New York and later the choice of his party for the Presidency.

Al Smith has not broken with Tammany Hall. To be sure he has never been its tool, and since the death of Murphy, at least, he has dictated to it rather than allowed it to dictate to him. It is his personal integrity, independence, and ability that have gained him his tremendous popularity in his own State and made it possible to put him forward for the highest national office. Yet Governor Smith rose into political prominence through the favor of Tammany Hall. As Speaker of the Assembly he helped Murphy in deposing Governor Sulzer and was himself made chief executive of the State in 1918 through the say-so of the big chief. If Murphy had not died in the spring of 1924, his wish to make Smith the Democratic Presidential nominee might have been realized that year in Madison Square Garden. On April 16, last, Smith was reelected as a sachem of the Tammany Society and his name will be presented to the convention in Houston with the support and blessing of the Wigwam. Al Smith's affiliation with Tammany Hall has been discussed less than his religion or his stand on liquor, but it may have equal significance in a Presidential campaign.

For Tammany Hall is an epitome of political evolution in our great cities; it is pretty nearly an epitome of politics in the United States in distinction from politics in Great Britain or the more stable countries of Europe; it reveals most of the difficulties of a democratic experiment poured out of a melting-pot of race and religion into the molds of a marvelously growing, fabulously prosperous industrialism. Oddly enough, Tammany did not originally sense its role in this mighty drama of a pioneer civilization. In its early years it was blatantly 100-per-cent American. The constitution of the Tammany Society adopted in 1789 provided that "No person shall be eligible to the office of sachem unless a native of this country," and in 1817 a band of Irish invaded the Wigwam and smashed the furniture because of the refusal to nominate for Congress Thomas Addis Emmett. Eventually the increasing immigration of the Irish suggested the value of their votes, and Tammany became—what it has pretty consistently remained—an advocate of suffrage without property qualifications, a believer in freedom in religion and personal habits, a supporter of unrestricted immigration, and a friend of the alien in order to become his political and industrial exploiter. Hence the rise of Tammany Hall and its prototypes in other cities.

The fascinating and significant story of the Wigwam is reviewed in a new book* written, logically enough, as a series of chapters on the big chiefs. With intentional or accidental exactness the book is entitled simply "Tammany Hall"—not "A History of Tammany Hall," as Gustavus Myers called his earlier and excellent volume. For Mr. Werner's book is not history in the sense in which it was conceived by Gibbon and Green. Mr. Werner hardly comments or explains at all; he makes no effort to integrate Tammany Hall with American evolution. The book is documentary, largely made up of extracts from newspapers and official reports. There is not much hint even of what testimony is most or least credible, but for one with good mental digestion the volume is a bountiful and satisfying repast. If Mr. Werner makes a mistake it is in painting Tammany too exclusively in black and in failing to connect it with our national development. He perpetuates the myth that the Tiger is a unique beast isolated in an ill-smelling cage known as New York City instead of only one among many such mammals in both Democratic and Republican parties.

The first of the big chiefs was Fernando Wood, who openly sold the offices under him and boasted in the campaign of 1854: "The people will elect me Mayor though I should commit a murder in my family between this and election." Tweed, who "wore a diamond like a planet in his shirt-front," inaugurated the downright looting of the city, taking such extraordinary tribute that, according to his own subsequent admission, he was able and willing to pay $600,000 to put through a charter to further facilitate his operations. Croker was hemmed in by more restraints and had the discretion to keep out of jail, but under him the corruption of the police and the commercialization of vice probably reached their maximum. It was Croker who uttered one of the gems of Tammany philosophy:

"Then you are working for your own pocket, are you not?" asked Frank Moss as examining attorney in the Mazet inquiry.

"All the time; the same as you," snapped Croker.

Of Murphy Mr. Werner says it was his "great and lasting contribution to the philosophy of Tammany Hall that he taught the organization that more money can be made by a legal contract than by petty blackmail."

But it was in "Big Tim" Sullivan, we surmise, that Tammany Hall has found its apotheosis, though he was never the head of it. The "Big Feller" made a fortune out of saloons and resorts, but he did not drink or smoke, and a frank, engaging personality, combining most of the virtues and vices of the Tammany idea, made him the idol of the Bowery in its old rip-roaring days.

He may have done wrong but he thought he done right,
And he always was good to the poor.

Not only of "Big Tim" but of many of the other leaders has temperance been a habit, yet one which they never have tried to impose upon others. Murphy was a teetotaler,

* "Tammany Hall." By M. R. Werner. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

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though he got his start in life by running a saloon in the "Gas House" district. On the night of the election of Mayor Van Wyck in 1897, when others were riotously celebrating a "wide-open" town, a little group of leaders left the Wigwam for a nearby cafe. A curious crowd followed to watch the uncorking of champagne. Croker took Vichy and soda; John Carroll, seltzer lemonade; "Big Tim" Sullivan, Apollinaris; Murphy, Vichy; George W. Plunkitt, ditto.

There was a lot of slush written after the death of Tweed. *The Nation* of April 18, 1878, put it more intelligently:

> There is no city in the civilized world that does not contain plenty of men capable of doing all that Tweed did and more, if they get a chance. . . . If we never hear of them the reason will be, not that *he* was a man of matchless powers of mischief but that the community they live in will not give them a chance of imitating him. . . . He was produced by certain political conditions which grew into existence almost without the knowledge of the American public, and to which their eyes were only fairly opened by his rise and fall. American political theories and traditions had made absolutely no provision and provided no place for the community which raised him. . . . And let us remember that he fell without loss of reputation among the bulk of his supporters. The bulk of the poorer voters of the city today revere his memory, and look on him as the victim of rich men's malice; as, in short, a friend of the needy who applied the public funds, with as little waste as possible under the circumstances, to the purposes to which they ought to be applied—and that is to the making of work for the working man.

Those words of fifty years ago hold true today. The Tammany Tiger has not changed its stripes—much. The principle of protective coloration has modified the animal's skin somewhat to conform to the changed jungle in which it lives. Of New York City and Tweed it might be written:

> She was a harlot, and he was a thief,
> But they loved each other beyond belief.

That would be a little less true today. All over America—except perhaps in Chicago—we are outgrowing the pioneer tradition to some degree. There is less looting and shooting but plenty of what that eminent Tammanyite, George Washington Plunkitt, used to call "honest graft." New York City has just had partially opened to it an expansive vista of waste and graft in the laying of sewers in Queens. The Borough President has had to resign—and Tammany is fighting to oust his associates as well—but it is not certain that anybody can or will be successfully prosecuted. In 1912 a woman testified before the Curran committee that she kept a "respectable disorderly house." Since Tweed's day New York City has at least become that.

All this is something with which Al Smith of Tammany Hall will have to reckon if he becomes a Presidential candidate. There is a dislike of the Wigwam in many places in America as keen as the distrust of Roman Catholics and Wets. Fused with the fear of Tammany Hall, and in some ways indistinguishable from it, is the antagonism of the rural community or the small town for the large city, and the clash between the new Americanism and the old. From the standpoint of Bourbon Americanism the seating of Al Smith, once a New York City newsboy and today a sachem of the Tammany Society, would be as revolutionary as was the overturning of a dynasty of gentility for the person of Andrew Jackson.

The Etruscan Mystery

THE secret of the Etruscan language has been solved again, if we may believe Professor Trombetti of the University of Bologna, who recently told an international congress of linguists at the Hague that his researches into the subject had been rewarded with success. If the matter is indeed cleared up, then one of scholarship's most cherished problems is no longer a problem, and savants in all countries west of Persia at least will combine to honor Professor Trombetti. But we suspect that the savants will look with challenge upon the volume which Professor Trombetti is soon to publish setting forth his discoveries, and we may be sure that they will disagree with many of the points in his reasoning. For not only have linguists been for 200 years in radical disagreement over the origins of the Etruscan language, but they have seemed to enjoy the controversy; and the newspaper reports of Professor Trombetti's address do not convince one that his claims are either very new or very complete. And certainly he will be opposed in his belief that the Etruscans spoke and wrote an Indo-European language.

The trouble is, of course, that they wrote so little, or at any rate left so little for us to read. Though they were active in North-central Italy for about a thousand years before Rome became a great republic and empire, though they seem to have dominated even Rome itself in the seventh century B.C., and though they were a vigorous people who grew rich and practiced many of the minor arts, they do not appear to have been in the slightest degree literary. They left no theaters or books—only inscriptions, and these are mostly of the mortuary sort. They had a great interest in death, an interest which they may or may not have brought with them from Lydia, whence they are now generally supposed to have derived, and whence they do seem to have imported a number of customs strange and terrible in the eyes of their Italian neighbors. They thought much about tombs, and left many such gloomy remainders covered with fragments of their language.

But what of this language, thousands of bits of which have been published for scholars to read, and two sizable passages in which have long exercised the wits of experts? One of the passages, containing approximately 200 words of continuous text, was found on a terra-cotta stele at Capua. The other, consisting of more than a thousand words, was discovered on the linen wrappings of a mummy dug up in Egypt. Professor Trombetti is said to have been studying this linen manuscript for twenty years. If the result turns out to be a real understanding of the language, then its origin may very well have been uncovered, and those scholars who have insisted that Etruscan was no offshoot of the Indo-European branch will be confounded. Doubtless the majority of them are prepared to dispute the theory, as in the past they have disputed various ingenious theories that Etruscan was related to Latin, Scandinavian, Basque, and Semitic.

The interesting fact is that even if we learn how to read Etruscan we shall not have much to read. We already have the knowledge of a warlike people who left many graves and gems and vases behind them; but what that people thought or felt we shall probably never know. As Horace would have said, they had no poets and so they died.

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Autos and Jobs

By ANDREW J. STEIGER *of the University of Chicago*

I

I CAME to Detroit in a big motor-bus. Sitting beside me on a massively upholstered, shock-absorbing seat was Jack Hagerty from Massachusetts. Jack said that he had made three trips to Chicago in the past six weeks. He worked in the automobile shops and had made these trips between jobs. He had quit his last job because the pace was too stiff—ten hours daily and seven days a week. Only a married man who was tied down with a home and family would stay on under such conditions. As he was unattached, he could assert his freedom by quitting and taking another place for less money but with better conditions. I was thus introduced to a wage-earner of a type I was to see more of in the employment lines at the auto shops—the young, unmarried, transient worker who hopes to better himself by moving from job to job, but who actually finds his position growing daily worse.

This essay was awarded first prize in The Nation's *contest for American college students who spent the summer of 1927 in industry or agriculture. The second prize was awarded to Spear Knebel of the Union Theological Seminary for his article Disinfecting the World, an account of his experiences in a chemical plant. The third prize went to William Maslow of Cornell, who worked as a waiter in New York hotels. The fourth prize was won by Lewis L. Schellbach of the Columbia School of Journalism, who played in orchestras in dance-halls, night-clubs, and restaurants.*

My first week in Detroit I spent looking for work and so I had time to become acquainted with the varieties of men who were similarly engaged. There are normally some 15,000 men unemployed, due to sickness, injury, or change of jobs; Henry Ford had laid off about 20,000; a number of refugees had come up to Detroit from the flood areas of the Mississippi Valley. It was said that last winter (1926-1927) at least one company had advertised all over the country for workers to come to Detroit. This resulted in flooding the city with thousands of jobless men. The Sunday previous to my arrival in Detroit this same company had advertised in the local newspapers for men. Eight hundred men came out, some of them desperately in need of work; they stood around all day; finally about twenty were hired. These tactics are excellent means of finding out how many men are out of work in the city. They also warrant the belief that an effort has been made to maintain a surplus of labor by means of advertisements which bring men into the city.

I made it a point to ask the personnel men at the factories where I applied for work this question: "How many men do you interview a day?" I learned that between 1,000 and 3,600 men were being passed through the employment offices daily. Of this number sometimes ten, sometimes fifty, and occasionally 200 might be taken on.

II

The employment offices have been built to facilitate the handling of large numbers of men. At one factory, notorious for its cheap-labor policy, the office opens flush upon the street and no artificial lanes are constructed to help the formation of an orderly line of waiting men. Instead, the men in search of work collect about the door in a dense mass, through which a policeman must force a lane so that foremen may come out and select some friend or acquaintance and obtain for him an interview ahead of the rest. Most of the other offices have been built with a space between parallel lines of pipe through which a single file of men move slowly toward the personnel men. It is physically impossible for workers to be hired according to their fitness for the jobs; employment officers cannot learn enough about each man in the course of the few words that are exchanged. The applicant usually advances, meekly asking, "Are you hiring body men today?" or "Have you any work for a press hand?" If he is lucky enough to ask for the right thing, or if the officer takes a liking to the color of his eyes or his general appearance, he may be questioned further; otherwise he will be dismissed with a negative shake and a cool stare. This haphazard method of selecting workers on isolated and unrelated points can never result in the right job for the right man. But in an industry like automobile manufacturing, where the process is subdivided and mechanized to the last degree, each operation can be learned in a few minutes even by a child, and it matters relatively little which men are chosen or what work is assigned to them.

However, men are not selected for jobs merely on the basis of appearance, nor is the first man who gets to the plant sure of a job. I discovered promptly that a workman must either ask for a particular job for which men were being hired, or he must win some special consideration from the employing officer. Although I was among the first three hundred applicants interviewed on my first day and succeeded in worming my way, the second day, to the head of the line, I was turned away from the employment office with a curt nod. Twenty-five hundred other men were turned away on that first day. The galling part of this experience was that the personnel man stood with a device in his hand for counting heads—like a sheep-herder in the stock-yards. He even encouraged some of us to come back by such phrases as "May need men of your ability tomorrow." To be told definitely, as I was, to return at seven o'clock the next morning, and then to be unrecognized and sent away, is an experience which beats down the jobless man's self-respect. He begins to realize by how thin a thread he holds any job.

After a week's fruitless search, I found work, not by walking through an employment lane ignorantly, but by getting some specific information about the employment situation on a particular day. A young straw boss, to whom I was introduced by a mutual friend, told me that in a

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certain line about fifteen men would be hired as press hands. With this knowledge to help me, I was promptly taken on.

III

The acute unemployment in Detroit is made worse by the unorganized state of the worker. Without a job he is also without effective knowledge of how to get one. He has no means of obtaining employment except by individual application at some factory. He has no idea what jobs are available or how much his work is worth. His fellows are all pitted against him, scrambling for the same jobs.

The employers, who find cooperation sufficiently valuable to induce them to join the Employers' Association, are zealous in their efforts to prevent the workers from organizing a union. The high wages paid in Detroit's factories have made the city widely known in other industrial centers as a satisfactory city for wage-earners. Members of the Chamber of Commerce boast that Detroit workers are contented and do not need labor unions. Good working conditions, absence of strikes, and freedom to speed up production without the checks imposed by labor unions—these are the factors which the secretary of the Employers' Association believes have brought about the tremendous development of the automobile industry in Detroit, where a score of factories produce 10,000 cars daily and employ 225,000 men.

But what is the sequel to this deafening clamor about high wages? The lay-off! Unemployment is the acid which corrodes the fine metal of good pay for day- and piece-work. As the applicant for work accepts the wages offered, so does he acquiesce when he is told what hours or how many days he can work. I was hired at four o'clock in the afternoon. I had been up since five in the morning looking for work. The employment officer, when he engaged me, asked if I were able to go to work right away and, without waiting for an answer, said "You'd better be able." There were fifty men outside the door who could have had the job, so I merely nodded and resigned myself to the unpleasant prospect of working from 4:30 in the afternoon until 3 in the morning. I was given no idea how long my job would last. The man who worked beside me at a press had been employed so intermittently that during the past year he had saved only $89. The four-day week at the Ford plant was not so much a triumph of scientific management, enabling workers to have more leisure, as a necessity to avoid laying off thousands of men whose production on a five-day week basis would have overstocked the market.

Lack of permanence in employment is accompanied by lack of stability in residence. It would be interesting to know what percentage of automobile workers are home-builders. A majority of the men whom I met were single, unattached workers living in cheap boarding- and rooming-houses. Uncertainty of employment has created this class of men who are called the "suitcase brigade"; it has helped produce habits of crime and vice among those men who are forced to loaf around waiting for jobs; and it has made it practically impossible for a worker ever to own his home. Those who have tried to build homes during seasons of regular work were described during a period of depression by the secretary of the Employers' Association as "persons who suffer because they have secured too much property to enable them to move freely in search for other work." The struggles of workmen who have a house and family are tragic. Often they take in boarders when their houses are already overcrowded. I lived with a worker whose three small bedrooms in a five-room house were used by six grown people. Others are forced to give up their homes for which they have almost paid, and move into cheaper, rented quarters. These facts must be faced by those who advocate the "American Plan" and enforce it by their drastic control of the productive process.

IV

The story of the growth of the automobile industry is a modern Arabian Nights' tale. Thirty-one years ago Henry Ford tested his first model on the road; thirty years ago Elwood Hayes drove the first automobile through the streets of Chicago; today twenty-three million cars, almost one to every family in the United States, shove their way through our overcrowded city streets or hurry along the network of fine automobile roads that binds the cities together by a cordon of solid concrete from one end of the country to the other. Hundreds of thousands of men have left their farms, their trades, the mines to work as mechanics, tire-makers, salesmen in the automobile industry. The manufacturers could stop producing cars for a while and let people use their old models. But factories have been built, expensive machinery is housed, millions are invested, and men are employed, and the way out seems to be to increase the demand. This is done by designing a new model and selling it to people who can afford to buy a new car each year. While the new model is being designed and the dies made, production slows down and men are laid off. Then they are hired again while the car is being manufactured. The Ford plant was shut down and the Ford workers were loafing all summer because of the change of model. The daily production of 1,500 new-model Essex cars produced at the Hudson plant was increased to 1,800 by the addition of some two hundred men: I was hired with this group. About two months later these same men were laid off because production was cut down to normal again.

The workers are just a mechanical unit in a productive process over which they exercise no control. The worker is valuable as long as he performs a given set of muscular motions upon a regular schedule—so many number of seconds per piece. The time-study man hands each new worker a card for his machine—from 100 to 500 pieces per hour—but I have seen men who had made more than the required 340 pieces per hour have their schedule increased to 400 pieces per hour without any increase in wages. I have seen other men put out on the streets because they could not make the pace in so rigid a regime.

Here are a few suggestions to humanize the productive process based on my experience in Detroit:

1. Stabilize production by reducing the number of new models. Stable production would relieve the need for surplus labor, and eliminate the odious employment-lines with their degenerating influence upon the self-respect of the men. It would give the regular workman a steady job, and provide a higher class of citizenry for the city. It would eliminate the insane speeding-up of the productive process to meet special orders.

2. Unemployment insurance. It could be paid and administered jointly by the workmen and by the employers.

3. Workers' organization. This would seem likely only under conditions of steadier employment, but it may come in spite of or because of the conditions under which the workers now suffer.

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War and America

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

London, April 5

WE are running the grave danger that by talking so much about war we may forget to negotiate about it, and by pinning our faith too loyally to this project and to that we may narrow the chances of anything being done. I read much of what is being written on the subject both in the United States and here, and the result which has grown upon me during recent weeks is that unless someone comes in with a practical sense of the situation combined with devotion for the cause, all our efforts may end in squabbles and a deadlock. Mr. Kellogg's correspondence with M. Briand and M. Briand's replies fortunately compel us all to face the real issues once more. One sad lesson which everyone has learned who has come to close quarters with peace problems is that peace projects will never go far so long as they are made only by onlookers. The organization of peace, if ever it is to come —and the meetings just ended at Geneva almost justify an eternal pessimism—must in the end issue from those who take counsel together, understand each other, and attack with constructive minds the details of the obstacles both objective and psychological.

One characteristic is shared by most of the proposals that of themselves will not carry us beyond the stage of pious profession. They are content with bringing us up against the moral or logical absurdity of our present position, by statements that are trite in their simplicity. For instance, what can be said against the proposition that if no nation would fight there would be no war? And how inevitable therefore seems the conclusion that the surest and most direct way to peace is to get nations to bind themselves not to fight! The logic is flawless, but the weakness lies in the foundation—lies in that "if." Behind that "if" are masked all the troubles of Europe. Unfortunately for those who would like to live a quiet and an uncomplicated life, neither individual nor national conduct is determined by what one finds in textbooks on logic. What is called "the human element" is something built up of impulses and motives other than those of absolute morality or reason. Conduct is something like cathedrals that require buttresses, and the practical problem of peace is the problem of buttresses. Let us keep obvious common sense in the pigeonholes of our minds for a moment and consider why reason will produce so little under present circumstances.

Peace is an affair of nations, and every nation—as the United States and Great Britain found at the Naval Conference last year at Geneva—has interests and problems of its own, and fears, prejudices, and suspicions of its own. My readers may remember some sentences written by Sainte-Beuve in criticism of Guizot's facile dogmas about civilization which set everything that had happened into a containing framework, but which explained nothing that was happening or about to happen. In England, he says,

> before everything else, one has respect for law. In France, it is to other instincts that one must appeal, it is other feelings that one must lay hold of. . . . The Gallic people are rapid, tumultuous, inflammable.

The European nations today, as the possible signatories to an effective instrument for the outlawry of war, show more varieties of need and of temperament than Sainte-Beuve thought that France in his time showed to England. "Vague and sterile" he called proposals which took no account of these varieties. We have small nations bounded by clauses of the peace treaty and by nothing else; we have oppressed minorities biding their time; we have nations overshadowed by powerful neighbors and uncomfortable under the shadow; we have fears and suspicions; we have "differences of genius and of character"; we have a scale of values attached to the pledged word, not an absolute morality; we have governments of widely differing mentality, from dictatorships moved swiftly by the will of a man to representative democracies obeying a slow-moving public opinion; we have the remnants, much more substantial than ghosts as yet, of our old European diplomacies of the Metternich, the Bismarck, and the Talleyrand type, and our militarist traditions and instincts; not to every nation alike is war a brutal horror without any prospect of gain. Above all, we have the Old and New Worlds in such diverse positions that the first duty of men of good-will and peace in both of them is to understand each other's problems. Truly, to come to that unassorted mingling of passion, genius, and interest with plans which begin and end with the elementary logic and common sense of pacifism is indeed "vague and sterile."

Is, then, the outlook for peace hopeless? By no means. It is indeed most hopeful and will remain so for this generation if handled with practical knowledge and skill. The organization of peace must depend upon the assent of the nations, and to get that the nations themselves must find that the agreement, whatever it is, meets their needs and allays their suspicions, especially the suspicion that if they do the right thing in sincerity they may be victimized by those who either do not do it at all or do it with reservations in their hearts. This means that the first stage in an agreement must consist in all nations putting their difficulties on the table in order that from them constructive plans may arise. That is the method which was begun at Geneva in 1924 when, for the first time, a government took the initiative in declaring that war ought to be ended by common edict, and also when it was found that, as a means to that end, it was necessary to define an aggressive state and to give collective security so that disarmament could follow and the habit of arbitration be begun. Some water has run under the bridges since then, and it may be that, were we to return to the task, we might find possibilities that were not apparent in 1924. Mr. Kellogg's recent note to France, raising the same point in the same way as was, first of all, done at Geneva in 1924, will in due course reveal whether such possibilities now exist. Be that as it may, the method of first ascertaining the state of mind of nations is the only one that will make peace efforts fruitful. It is the method of patiently building up an agreement, in contradistinction to that of launching proposals like life-boats and asking nations to scramble on board.

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The world, however, cries for a lead, and this is the part that enlightened nations can play. If two or three were to settle the matter with, and for, themselves, and outlaw war as a means of resolving their mutual disputes, that would be lighting a lamp whose beams would shine far. Of itself it would not bring disarmament or remove all risk of war. I hope that the American note will be accepted widely, but the questions that faced us in 1924 must still be answered. If Europe would accept the American note in principle and put its signature to a declaration outlawing war, a conference could discuss consequences like sanctions and ways of dealing with matters that now cause war, or other means could be found to state the supplementary agreements which we in Europe consider vital to a secured peace among ourselves. America cannot leave the question in the air.

If a nation found itself in difficulties or in jeopardy because it had followed the lead of the United States, the United States may decline to say whether it would then look on as a friend or as a neutral, but how can it also refrain from saying whether under such circumstances it would or would not actually hamper the defense of the aggrieved and innocent nation? Within the Kellogg note and through the League of Nations Europe can pursue its plans of security and the like, but I submit with respect and sincerity to my American friends, if it should happen, after everything humanly possible had been done for peace, that the devil still broke out of his prison, America could not take up the position that it has no responsibility for European affairs. The world is becoming more and more an organic unity, the life and problems of which are less and less capable of being divided into legalist and nationalist watertight compartments. I put in the plea of the *life* of the world. It is said that America would be foolish were she to mix herself up with us. That is true. It is also true that she cannot live, as it were, in a remote star.

Locarno showed that the simplest of peace agreements has to provide for contingencies. But the acceptance of Mr. Kellogg's proposals even without buttresses would do two essential things. It would give the nations which do so a moral authority which none of them has at the moment or, on its present policies, will ever attain; and it would change their own attitude to the whole problem. Now, we are content to throw off projects without consultation and to write essays showing how impossible and risky the projects of others are. The "wisdom" of the British memoranda upon arbitration, mutual security, and such like has been of this negative character. Let us give up shaking puzzled heads when we find that every move is attended with risks. That is so, and let us accept the inevitable. The biggest risk of all is to come to no agreement. Peace by agreement imposes obligations upon every state whose signature is attached to it. What we must be careful about is that the risks we take are of such a nature as to disappear when the agreement of which they are the adjuncts gets into working order.

Whoever are to lead the nations to peace must be prepared to take the yoke on their shoulders. Let there be no doubt about that. Their consolation and courage will be found in the assurance given to others in another connection: "My yoke is easy and my burdens are light." They consist in giving others confidence; they disappear when that confidence is won. The instinct to cling to the form of power which makes war is deep-seated and is in nervous touch with a multitude of fears. It has always been betrayed by the use of that power—and yet it trusts to it. It can be successfully attacked only by a patient study of the facts by men of realist minds and balanced sagacity. Would that I saw the United States and Great Britain in united companionship putting the task of peacemaking before us—you from your more detached position, we from the very center of the complex network of Europe—as the greatest service that any community can now render to the world. Mr. Kellogg's note has, at a most opportune moment, reopened the whole matter right at the root. It challenges both the agendas and the minds of Geneva, and I hope its blare will not die away in fruitless diplomacy or be drowned in wrangles over details.

In Defense of Socialized Medicine

By I. M. RUBINOW

OVER a million persons devote their entire time to the cure and prevention of disease and to the preservation of health of the American people, and yet complaints are numerous as to inefficient and insufficient medical aid. There are many small communities without any medical aid at all and their number is increasing. There is a continuous development of medical quackery and cults. The patent-medicine trade continues to flourish. Self-medication is popular. Every health survey discloses a great proportion of existing illness uncared for. And it is the frank admission of the medical profession itself that most of the practice is not scientific.

What is the trouble? First, the average state of knowledge of the practitioner of medicine is tragically behind the present stage of medical science. There are some 150,000 independent practitioners in the art of medicine whose contact with modern medical science may be anywhere from one to fifty years old. Yet once authorized to practice medicine, the physician preserves this authority over our health, life, and happiness, even as a deed remains a permanent letter patent over a certain piece of property. For the license to practice medicine is a property right and is logically to be considered such as long as the basis of our organization of medicine is the system of private practice, the income-bearing possibilities of a medical diploma and a medical license. This medical diploma and license confers upon every physician—every one of the 150,000—the right to cure all the ills the human body is subject to. He may practice all branches of medicine from obstetrics to brain surgery, from ophthalmology to proctology. Now, it is a safe assertion that not a single one of the 150,000 is competent to perform all the services which legally he may undertake. Yet the organized state has not seen its way even to limit the healer's license somewhat more closely to

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the performance of what he is really competent to perform.

For their protection, 110,000,000 patients are themselves expected to pass judgment as to the comparative merits of their physicians and surgeons. Now, it is hard enough to be an expert on the million and one material objects and services which everyone of us has to purchase in the course of our daily existence. But how are you to judge as to the knowledge, skill, and wisdom of a physician? By the results? I challenge any statistician to work out a satisfactory basis. So we judge by rumor, appearance, personality, display, disguised advertisement, and bluff. In short, in the selection of the physician, the chance of obtaining competent medical aid is largely a gamble, a speculation, with the patient's health and life at stake. And no one better recognizes it, no one more forcefully admits it than the physicians themselves. But not openly, for that would be against professional ethics. Officially, the fiction persists that one reputable physician is as good as another, for they all have the right to sign death certificates.

Secondly, the practice of the art of healing today requires not only an amount of knowledge which, because of its very vastness, must be divided among many but also a vast installation of machinery and apparatus; in short, a capital investment as well as skill. Hospitals and dispensaries, clinics and sanatoria, convalescent homes, laboratories and X-ray departments, institutes of hydrotherapy, electrotherapy, mechanotherapy, etc., assistants, bacteriologists, pathologists, radiologists, chemists, nurses, etc., these are the mechanical elements and human elements of the necessary medical organization for practicing the art of healing. Contrast all that with the average facilities of the private physician, not only with those of the general practitioner but even of the modern specialist.

The practice of medicine has grown beyond the powers of an individual physician. It is being organized and, to a very large extent, institutionalized. Already some 7,500 hospitals provide 800,000 beds, representing an investment of approximately $5,000,000,000. There are some 6,000 dispensaries and clinics. Perhaps an increasing proportion of the American people receive all their medical help in these hospitals and clinics and dispensaries. But the curious anomaly is that economically private practice remains the form of organization.

There remains a third serious indictment of the system of private practice and the principle of private barter and bargaining, the cost of medical aid and care. The slogan "The very rich and the very poor are the only ones who receive the best kind of medical help" has become almost a bromide, so frequently is it quoted when the problem of medical organization is discussed. Like all slogans, it contains a half truth. It is, undoubtedly, true of the very rich. And only of some poor, those who are fortunate enough to be admitted into a first-class medical institution. For the vast majority of our people, a serious illness is a financial as well as an emotional catastrophe; the cost of cure is ruinous if not prohibitive. It is unnecessary to quote figures. No figures would be typical. But every American can quote illustrations from his own experience or that of his friends. What does a pneumonia cost? What an appendicitis? What the arrival of a new member of the family? What is the average price for any of the thousand different diseases, acute and chronic? There is no standard of cost. It varies not only with the locality but with the economic status of the patient and his family, with the particular notion, no matter how inaccurate, as to this status which the physician or hospital may form, with the commercial talent of the physician, with the particular valuation which the latter places upon his services, etc. What else but chaos may one expect in the price of a commodity, about the quality of which the purchaser has no way of forming judgment, but which he is more or less under compulsion of pain and fear of suffering and death to purchase in a hurry at a particular time? There is perhaps no other example in which the case for price-fixing is so strong, yet no step has been taken in that direction. Compare the excitement which almost precipitates a revolution among 6,000,000 people because of a threat of increasing the carfare from a nickel to seven cents. Governments may fall and, for all we know, barricades may be built in the streets of New York City unless this problem is satisfactorily settled. And what are its implications—a difference of four cents a day or $10 per annum per worker. But whether an appendicitis operation is worth $50 or $500 or $5,000 seems to be nobody's concern.

Now, it is not at all necessary to look for panaceas or even "dangerous" social experiments for a way out of this tragic situation, where the health and life of individuals and even of entire communities have become a matter of barter and sale. The way out lies in the direction in which the practice of medicine is inevitably tending.

The forces which must be called into action are threefold: (1) Institutionalization; (2) Organization; (3) Socialization.

And of these three words, the third is the one which works as a bugaboo. Do what you will, there is a dangerous connotation in it. It is almost like a conditioned reflex, which makes a patriotic American shrink or jump, according to temperament, when this word is thrust at him. It might be an interesting field of investigation for Pavlov, Watson, or any modern psychologist, as to what particular part of this dangerous word is responsible for the effect. One is tempted to revive the hoary anecdote of the Russian censor who prohibited Lester Ward's "Dynamic Sociology," claiming that the book dealt with dynamite and socialism.

There has been a good deal of objection to institutionalization of medicine, but this objection has been largely overcome. Opposition to free hospitals and clinics, and even to low-paid clinics as dangerous competitors, crops out among physicians now and then. But, on the whole, the medical profession has learned to tie up medical institutions to the prevailing system of private practice.

Of course, institutionalization presupposes a great deal of organization, but organization is necessary and is growing even outside of institutional practice. Private practice is not as individual as it was some time ago. The dependence of a general practitioner upon the specialist for expert help, the dependence of the specialist on the general practitioner for patients, the dependence of both the general practitioner and the specialist upon laboratories for diagnostic help, the dependence of all the above upon the private patient (with money!) for a source of income, indicates the high degree of necessary organization. "Group practice" is one of the many experiments in this field of organization. In absence of such, the organization is a crude one and for the suffering patient, an expensive one. He is driven from pillar to post, from one specialist to another, paying an exorbitant rate for the laborious gathering of the necessary information as to his condition, which in a well-equipped

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institution can be had at an infinitely smaller expenditure of time, effort, and money.

But what of "socialization"? Just what does the dangerous label imply? What is its content?

Whatever the word, what is necessary is an organized cooperative method of providing efficient, scientific medical advice and aid, at a lower social cost, and certainly at little or no cost at all to the patient at the time he is ill.

Does that sound radical or revolutionary, dangerous or socialistic? Are there not enough precedents in the supply of other social needs? Are there not enough precedents in the field of public health and even medical aid as well?

The field of public education is a very good illustration in point. There is no prohibition of private and individual education by private agreement and for a fee, there is no restriction of "private practice" in education, at least not in any democratic civilized country. But as it is considered socially of very great importance that every child be given a minimum of education, a public system of free education has become a self-evident necessity. Every child may take advantage of the system of free education furnished at public cost. The vast majority of them do, as a matter of course. Side by side with this, private educational institutions and even private individual teaching continue to exist and even to flourish. But a system of public, socialized education is a modern necessity.

Why do not the same considerations hold good for medical aid? Public socialized medicine need not be monopolistic and exclusive. It is not exclusive even in communistic Russia, popular misinformation notwithstanding. Private practice as such is not prohibited even to the physicians who are employed by the state. Nor is the principle of free medical aid at public expense unknown in this country. Hospitals and dispensaries furnish it. Municipalities and States and governments furnish it to a large degree.

Why, then, do we not speak of socialization of medicine as an accomplished fact rather than an ideal or a menace in this country? Partly because we are afraid of both the concept and the term. But more properly, because all the free medical work done here is permeated with an atmosphere of charity, because underlying it are the concepts of special consideration for the poor, the indigent, the economically dependent. There are, therefore, numerous restrictions, legal and moral, as to the rights of the individual to avail himself of these free services. These are all concepts which have disappeared entirely from the field of public education.

The difference is interesting. It may offer a fruitful field for investigation, in search of psychologic explanations. The encroachment of organized society on the field of private medical practice is resented not only by the group immediately concerned—the 150,000 physicians—but to some extent by public opinion, that uninformed and unreasoning public opinion which accepts the medical profession's point of view of medicine as a trade or a business, and a profitable one at that, rather than a public necessity and, therefore, a public service. Instinctively, it draws this artificial line of distinction between education and medicine, because education has been and has remained a poor man's job, while medical practice has paid, in some cases, very handsomely—so handsomely as to establish that profession side by side with law as one of the possible roads to substantial fortunes.

Usually the arguments voiced against the further socialization of medical practice are noble and altruistic. There are the menace of socialism and the defense of the great American principle of liberty. And there is the threatened deterioration of medical science if physicians become wage slaves. And, of course, there is the danger to the principle of free choice for physicians. And the necessity of preserving the intimate personal relationship between physician and patient, and so on and so forth. And, of course, one does not need to be a very profound student of Freud and modern psychology to recognize all these arguments as the most transparent kind of rationalization.

What is there so peculiar in the education, training, make-up, and work of the physician which makes it impossible for him to work for a salary as most of us in other professions do? Salaries have not prevented university professors from doing research in laboratories and judges from rendering just decisions. Already our greatest medical research and teaching institutions realize that a salary—and, of course a generous one with exclusion of private practice—is the only condition under which devotion to research and to honest hospital work can be assured.

And, of course, the weakest but the most interesting arguments against socialized medicine are those based upon the sanctity and intimacy of the doctor-patient relationship. To begin with, there is absolutely no reason why public or socialized medicine should destroy intimacy of that relationship or even the freedom of choice of that physician. There is nothing in the principle of free medical practice to justify that fear. Under such a system, as under the present system, there will be popular and unpopular doctors. Then, as now, this popularity or lack of it will often result from fortuitous circumstances, entirely independent of professional competence. But what the opponents of socialized medicine close their eyes to is that the old, sentimental, doctor-patient relationship is rapidly disappearing—in larger communities it has practically disappeared already, not through the influence of the free dispensary but through the commercialization of private practice.

The old family physician was a noble, picturesque, delightful figure, but no vain regrets will keep him alive or revive him. Considerations, both professional and economic, drive an increasing proportion of young physicians into specialties and thus widen the sphere of the individual doctor's activities, at the same time destroying the old family-doctor relationship. The constantly rising scale of medical fees, the constant complaints of the masses against the cost of medical aid, the high proportion of unpaid bills, the necessity of seeking the help of collection agencies, the propaganda for application of business-like methods, all this may be inevitable but is hardly calculated to preserve the role of the family physician as guide, philosopher, and friend, as well as doctor.

And, after all, humanity is not so stupid as to be unable to see the tremendous advantage of a system under which the physician who examines and treats us has no interest in our pocket-book, in our ability and willingness to pay, no interest in recommending repeated calls or surgical procedure because of the promise of a fee, no other interest, in fact, than the professional interest in our symptoms, in their underlying conditions, and in the possibilities of overcoming them.

[*This article takes a position in regard to socialized medicine in opposition to that expressed in last week's issue by Dr. Morris L. Fishbein, editor of the* Journal of the American Medical Association.]

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

POSSIBLY it was a mistake for us in New York State to pluck so violently at Judge Thayer of Massachusetts before we noted in our own eye Justices Voorhees, Kelly, and Healy. These are the men in Special Sessions who passed sentence on David Gordon, the eighteen-year-old boy who has been sent to the reformatory for writing what was called an obscene poem. Some legal and ethical phases of the question will not be considered here at this moment. What chiefly interests me is the mood and manners of those who sat in judgment. If this had been a just thing which they did, still these men would be open to censure. I do not think it is ever the province of a judge to heap verbal abuse upon a prisoner, no matter how heinous his offense. And still more tawdry is the practice of a presiding magistrate who undertakes to say just what he would like to do if only some more severe penalty lay within his power.

To be specific, Justice Healy remarked, in sentencing Gordon: "It is too bad we cannot sentence you to Russia. You would get a good soul-pulling of what they are handing out to people of your kind." The language of the learned judge is just a shade obscure, but he seems to say that they do such things better in Russia, which is a curious observation to come from the lips of anyone devoted to American institutions. And later Justice Voorhees chimed in with: "If he was older I would vote to send him to the penitentiary." As my German teacher once remarked to me after I had bungled a sentence in which I tried to say that I feared him: "The grammar is bad and the sentiment is worse." Can it be that in any of our courts there sit men who take delight in imposing severe penalties upon young offenders? Let us consider the case of Gordon from the point of view of any who may think that his poem "America" was such a horrid and dangerous performance that specific punishment was a necessary corrective. Even so, it seems to me that the chief duty of the court would be to find out the causes for the young man's action. If he lapsed into obscenity this clearly came about because he was filled with a hate and loathing for the United States. It is not altogether good for us to have among us many who disapprove violently of all our practices and purposes. Yet it seems a dull-witted way to use penalties in order to turn hate into loyalty. For instance, Justice Healy said: "I think the best thing he could do is perhaps to receive a little further instruction and attention at the expense of this government, and when he comes out of where we are going to send him, perhaps he will have a little better idea of how he might act and should act as a citizen of these United States, or even as a guest here. New York City Reformatory."

I am always willing to listen to the testimony of those who have first-hand knowledge of any subject, yet I must assume the privilege of asking the upright judge whether he actually thinks that the New York City Reformatory is a fine training school in which American ideals may be inculcated into the minds of the young and impressionable. David Gordon, at the time he was sent to prison, was studying at the University of Wisconsin as the recipient of the Zona Gale Scholarship. May I again presume and ask Justice Healy whether he considers the New York City Reformatory a better institution of the higher education than Wisconsin?

Naturally, I am not contending that college students should have a sort of diplomatic immunity from the workings of the law as it applies to other men, but surely the wisest judge is the one who undertakes to settle each case upon its individual merits, and not by the flickering light of generalization. If David Gordon, Russian born and fifteen years among us, sincerely felt that this land was no better than a brothel it would be interesting to know by just what process he arrived at this opinion. His poem was crude and seemed to me to have small merit beyond a certain earnestness. And yet I thought that here was one who had, by some mischance, seen nothing but the more cruel and vicious side of American existence. Only a few will assert that we have created Utopia, but there is at least ground for the affirmative side of the question: Resolved, that many things in the United States are admirably administered. In such a debate three mature men might easily have prevailed against a boy. It seems to me that long before punishment was even considered there should have been a sincere attempt to urge the youngster out of his way of thinking. In his poem Gordon railed against the notion that this is a land of opportunity. Most logically Healy and Kelly and Voorhees might have pointed out that he himself, through benefit of a scholarship, was enjoying whatever advantages Wisconsin has to offer. Indeed they did attempt to debate, but so clumsy was their method that they endangered victory for the side upon which they argued.

Justice Voorhees began it by asking: "Just what does your client mean by writing that stuff?" This is hardly the way in which to bring out frank and free talk from a boy of eighteen who stands at the feet of three men in black gowns. And Justice Healy added: "This is the time to talk, now, and talk loud." Again one may suspect that the prisoner was not wholly encouraged by this treatment to bare his soul to strangers peering down from the seats of the mighty. Timidly he began, "Last fall I had read poems written by the author Carnavelli, an Italian poet who had been in the United States. Carnavelli was walking down the Bowery, down Delancey Street, downtown, couldn't get employment, and so he felt indisposed."

Here at least was a start, even though a fumbling one, but Justice Voorhees broke in with "What do you mean by writing that stuff about America? Get down to that." And at this point they all began to thunder at him. After a little, when order had been restored, David Gordon tried to go on and said: "The idea is a copy of Bernard Shaw. Bernard Shaw once said ——"

But to this Justice Healy answered: "You are a plagiarist besides." If one may speak ill of the Court of Special Sessions, this was a wholly irrelevant remark and also silly. At any rate, it did not help at all in the effort to get at the secret springs in the heart of David Gordon. Justice Healy attempted his own interpretation and volunteered: "I think you do it perhaps for gain or in order to make a big man of yourself in the minds of a whole lot of other fools who don't know and don't want to take advantage of the opportunities that this country gives people."

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For the present it might be wiser for Justice Healy to confine himself to law and not set up as a psychologist, for Gordon received no money for his poem and the *Daily Worker* is not yet in a position to convey widespread fame to any of its contributors. And later, Justice Healy again betrayed an ignorance of modern theories as to the workings of the human mind. He said: "There is no doubt as to where he would go if he was older. He is not being convicted here of the ideas he may have relative to our political situation, or the government of the United States. He is convicted here for an indecent poem that was published, and he is the writer of that poem."

When I was a young reporter, a comrade on the paper once approached me at noon in a highly excited state and said, "If anybody tells you that I got this black eye because I was drunk last night and fell down the stairs to the composing-room, it's a dirty lie." Nobody had breathed any such accusation to me and therefore I felt that Charlie's eagerness to enter a denial before the charge had been brought was, somewhat circumstantially, an evidence of guilt. Up to the time Justice Healy declared that there was no political background in the Gordon case the subject had not even been mentioned. Indeed, one need not depend on the observations of the Freudians to learn this simple psychological fact. I could suggest Shakespeare to Justice Healy and cite "The lady doth protest too much." Even though His Honor is a justice and a gentleman, the rule might still be binding.

HEYWOOD BROUN

Covering Washington

The Nation's *Biweekly Washington Letter*

By THE UNOFFICIAL SPOKESMAN

Washington, D. C., April 21

ONCE more justice has struggled with the jury system, and lost. Harry F. Sinclair was acquitted by twelve benighted men who did not know that bribery could be proved by circumstantial evidence. They accepted a cock-and-bull story, concocted in desperation, because there was no witness who could take the stand, under American rules of evidence, and call the story by its right name. Consequently, the author of the most colossal and brazen fraud which had been attempted against the government in modern times will not be punished for his main offense. He will be punished, if at all, merely for his lawless and desperate efforts to escape. It is true that the United States Supreme Court had branded him as a conspirator and had pronounced Albert B. Fall "a faithless public officer." He has lost the lease on Teapot Dome which he obtained by collusion and fraud. He has been sentenced to three months in jail for refusing to testify before a Senate committee, and to six months for tampering with a jury. It is probable that he will serve this time. But on the main charge he goes free, and the cynically minded may point out that if his lawyers had not overestimated the mentality of Washington juries he need never have served a day.

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UNDER cover of secrecy, a Republican Secretary of the Interior gave Sinclair a lease which he later valued at upward of $100,000,000. He violated the law, and he practiced favoritism. Subsequently, he received from Sinclair $303,000 in Liberty bonds and cash. The bonds were part of a corruption fund, $160,000 of which was used to pay off Republican Party debts. Lies, subterfuge, and perjury were employed to conceal the source of the funds. At least one important witness pleaded self-incrimination to avoid testifying. The Supreme Court unanimously denounced the transaction, and restored the property to the government. An act of Congress deprived Fall's son-in-law of his plea of self-incrimination. The prosecution, largely through the efforts of Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, and Owen J. Roberts, of Philadelphia, piled up a mountain of evidence. It could not prevail against the impregnable denseness of a jury which was under the impression that direct first-hand evidence of conspiracy and bribery was necessary for a conviction. The splendid and vigorous conduct of the trial by Justice Bailey went for naught. "Disgusting and discouraging," says Senator Nye. "We might as well pass a law that no millionaire can be tried for a crime," adds Senator Norris.

* * * * *

MEANTIME, the discharged jurors, turning for the first time to the daily newspapers, learn that the lease has been pronounced fraudulent by the Supreme Court, that Everhart, Fall's son-in-law, previously pleaded self-incrimination to avoid describing what he now says was an innocent transaction, that Sinclair is under two convictions for contempt, that the story of the ranch purchase was a last-minute expedient, and that the Liberty bonds were purchased out of a secret corruption fund. And one of the jurors ruefully exclaims: "Why didn't they tell us all that stuff? How in hell did they expect us to know what it was all about when they didn't give us half the facts? I've learned more about it by reading the afternoon newspaper than I found out in the two weeks of the trial. It makes the jurors look like a lot of boneheads." Perhaps the legal profession can answer these simple questions.

* * * * *

A STRANGE diffidence has fallen upon a number of Republican chiefs who lately were clamoring for the nomination of Herbert Hoover. They have been smitten with fear—the dreadful fear that Hoover might not be able to carry the country against Governor Alfred E. Smith,

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whose nomination on the Democratic ticket is now all but assured. Politicians, such as those who will do the actual nominating at Kansas City, invariably are actuated first of all by the desire to pick a winner. It does not require a seer to realize that men like Slemp of Virginia, Creager of Texas, Moses of New Hampshire, and Edge of New Jersey have been influenced to support Hoover by no lofty consideration of principle or the national welfare. Nor have they been influenced by any love for Hoover. On the contrary, most of them dislike and distrust him; he is of a different breed. They have supported him because he looked like the best bet, and because they expected, in the event of his election, to have their support rewarded. The ties of personal loyalty rest no more heavily upon them than the commands of conscience, and there is not a one among the outfit who would not throw Hoover to the wolves, just as they threw General Leonard Wood in 1920, if his candidacy began to assume serious weaknesses. This defeatist propaganda is growing steadily. Vice-President Dawes smokes his pipe and says nothing.

* * * * *

MEANTIME, troubles of another character are brewing. The McNary-Haugenites have hewed a knotty plank, and assert that they will have sufficient votes to nail it into the Republican platform when the convention meets. The impressive vote which they rolled up for their bill in the Senate, in defiance of another threatened veto by President Coolidge, gives vast substance to the claim. If they compel the convention to adopt their plank, how can the impeccable Hoover accept the nomination? To run on such a platform he must either repudiate his own record or repudiate the platform. Either situation appears impossible for an honest man. The farm problem—which, politically speaking, means the problem of the McNary-Haugen bill—has become almost as embarrassing for the Republicans as the prohibition question is for the Democrats.

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BUT of the anxiety thus produced has come a fresh undercurrent of talk about drafting Coolidge, as "the only man who can save the party." But would that improve the situation? Can anyone imagine the President running for reelection on a platform which repudiated his position on the most difficult issue of his Administration? Fancy a McNary-Haugen plank tucked alongside one indorsing the President's policies—one of which has been a bitter opposition to the McNary-Haugen plan. The situation calls for some prodigious straddling, something worthy of a place in history beside the classic Wilson humbuggery of 1916: "He kept us out of war." Even the unctuous Dr. Fess will be hard put to devise it.

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THE S-4 has been raised from the watery grave to which it went last December; the bodies of its gallant crew have been entombed with appropriate ceremonies; politicians in plug hats have pronounced eulogies; the disaster has been deplored in voluble and empty eloquence—and the Administration has been successful in blocking all investigation except by a hand-picked whitewashing squad of its own choosing. The ominous Congressional inquiry has simmered down to a farcical affair, conducted by a ridiculous subcommittee composed of three of the most conspicuous nonentities in the Senate—Oddie of Nevada, Steiwer of Oregon, and Gerry of Rhode Island—who can be relied upon to write precisely the sort of report which the heads of the Navy Department wish them to write. Meanwhile, the celebrated teller of bedtime stories, Secretary of the Navy Wilbur, has officially assigned the blame to the dead men of the S-4, with an admonition to other submarine commanders to be more careful about how they come to the surface. Rejecting the findings of the Naval Board of Inquiry, composed of men who had at least been to sea, he has exonerated Admiral Brumby, the hopeless incompetent who was in charge of the tragically bungled rescue operations, and who immortalized himself on that occasion by entertaining a Kokomo garage man under the impression that he was an authority on deep-sea diving. Our blazing indignation of four months ago, stirred by the slow and horrible deaths of the entombed sailors, has cooled; promises of searching investigations are forgotten, and we are all set for the next submarine disaster. What a navy! And what an Administration, which permits these things!

In the Driftway

SPEAKING of companionate marriage, as everybody is, the Drifter ventures the opinion that it has been legally established—at least for those married by the captain of an American ship on the high seas. Amid the arguments of those who think the legalization of companionate marriage would usher in a better day and the anathemas of those who are sure it would spell moral destruction, all parties seem to have overlooked the significance of a recent decision by Judge Joseph Sabath of the Superior Court in Chicago. A couple came before Judge Sabath who had been married in mid-Atlantic a few years ago by Captain Hartley on the steamship Leviathan. They asked that their bonds be cast asunder. Judge Sabath complied with the request, granting not a divorce but an annulment on the ground that an examination of the marriage laws of the forty-eight States showed that not one of them authorized a ship's captain to perform a wedding ceremony. A similar opinion was voiced not long ago by the United States Shipping Board. The question having been put to it, the board referred the issue to its counsel and then returned the answer that the captain of an American ship might tie any other sort of hitch but not a nuptial knot. Yet everybody knows that hundreds of such marriages have been—and possibly still are—performed. Perhaps there was once legal authority for it, or maybe American skippers merely assumed the right because it was exercised by the captains of British ships and those of various other nations.

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BUT what most interests the Drifter in Judge Sabath's decision is the wording of it. His Honor said, as quoted in the newspaper dispatches, that marriages performed by the captain of an American ship were "not void but voidable." As long as such unions were satisfactory to the couple concerned they were legal, but if either party wished to end the arrangement it could be done by coming into court and asking for an annulment. What could be simpler? No charges have to be made—none of the scandal of a divorce has to be raised. In short, a companionate marriage, although Judge Sabath did not use that phrase

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and so missed the publicity that otherwise would have attended his more-than-a-little-astounding judgment. Perhaps the skippers of American vessels will be wary henceforth about marrying lovelorn couples. Otherwise their work at sea may be considerably increased.

* * * * *

ALL of which reminds the Drifter of a questionnaire on marriage answered by the senior class of Adelphi College (for women) in Brooklyn. One of the questions was why 25 per cent of college women fail to marry. To this one young woman, with a disdain highly ungallant toward the group, replied laconically: "Well, look at them." But the questionnaire revealed that the girls of Adelphi think college women ought to marry and that they should have 3⅝—count 'em—children. Apparently the girls are not all agreed that they should make use of the opportunities traditionally given to them in leap years of doing the asking. "Emphatically no," responded one miss with decision. "If he weren't sufficiently interested—what the hell!"

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Page Mr. Sinclair

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: E. L. Doheny was chosen as judge in the local tryout, April 20, for the National Constitutional Contest sponsored by the Los Angeles *Times*. Having pulled the Constitution apart, who has a better right to know what is in it?

Los Angeles, April 19 ISABELL MURPHY

How War Humanizes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It may now be safe to publish in America a British war document which has never, to my knowledge, received due attention in this country. I quote verbatim from the *Straits Times* of Singapore. Issued just after the beginning of the war for democracy, this edict evidences the great humanizing effect of war:

> An army order which has just reached Singapore permits officers to shave the upper lip if they so desire. Advantage has already been taken of the concession in several quarters.

Montrose, Cal., April 7 R. R. HORNBECK

The Church Militant

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "The World Talks Peace," you say, and praise churchmen for their recent efforts in behalf of peace.

You will be interested in this item from the New York University *Daily News:*

> Colonel Russell C. Langdon, commandant of the cadet corps of the New York University R. O. T. C. and professor of the Department of Military Science and Tactics, is to be the guest of honor at the 121st monthly review of the Calvary Battalion of the Calvary Methodist Episcopal Church. . . . Invitations have been sent to alumni graduates of the R. O. T. C. and its present cadet officers as guests for the reception and drill to be tendered to the colonel and his staff.
>
> Doctor Albert D. Beebe is pastor of the church and Colonel Walter Lasher is commander of its military unit.

The holding of military drills in church quarters is something new to me. And who can explain what a church military unit is?

New York, March 22 HYMAN SANDOW

Help Commonwealth!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Commonwealth College, Mena, Arkansas, is a liberal institution for higher education for workers. It was organized in 1923 to provide education on a self-supporting basis. Both teachers and students earn their maintenance by four hours' daily labor. The college operates agricultural and other basic industries. Temporary financial difficulties, inseparable from the beginnings of such an institution, threaten to close its doors. It runs an annual deficit of $2,500. One hundred sympathizers, in or out of the labor movement, can save this institution by the donation of $25 each for this year and a pledge for an equal donation for the next two years. E. Haldeman-Julius, Mrs. Louis D. Brandeis, and Floyd Dell are among those who have already made donations and pledges.

El Dorado, Arkansas, March 26 BRYAN FULKS

Eighty-six Years Young

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I want to tell you how much I appreciate the best, and to me the most precious, gift I ever had, *The Nation.*

I am now nearly 86 years old, have been a radical since 1856; Harriet Beecher Stowe, William Lloyd Garrison, and Wendell Phillips were my first ideals, and last but not least Abraham Lincoln, for whom I cast my first ballot.

I enlisted in the first regiment that left Chicago and served three years.

The reconstruction period drove me out of the Republican Party. Then I became a Democrat until the Pullman strike, when I lined up with Debs, who loved our country more than all the one hundred percenters who hounded him to his grave, and that is why I love *The Nation.*

You are fighting our country's battles almost single-handed and I want to thank you for the great pleasure I have had during 1927 in not missing a single issue.

Chicago, February 22 E. S. WHEELER

Contributors to This Issue

J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, formerly Labor Prime Minister of England, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation.*

I. M. RUBINOW, doctor of medicine and economist, is director of the Jewish Welfare Society of Philadelphia.

HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON is a Cleveland poet.

EDA LOU WALTON is a California poet living in New York.

CARL RUSSELL FISH is professor of history at the University of Wisconsin and author of "The Rise of the Common Man."

JACOB ZEITLIN is professor of English at the University of Illinois.

GLEN MULLIN frequently reviews books on art for *The Nation.*

V. F. CALVERTON is editor of the *Modern Quarterly.*

HARRY ELMER BARNES is the author of "The Genesis of the World War."

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL is the author of "The Native Problem in Africa."

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Books

The Inarticulate

By EDA LOU WALTON

We who have words
Intimate and unsure
Even in this unmitigated thunder
Are secure.
But the inarticulate throats,
The songs lost on the first notes,
The dumb tongues
Gone under earth,
The dearth of voices
Even to blunder
From this inescapable girth
Of pain
Binding the breast
Where no words rest,
These feel the dark rain,
The white lightnings flare
With a dumb stare,
These are the lost,
The utterly damned
To whom no man
May reach a hand.

Interior

By HAZEL COLLISTER HUTCHISON

It will never be safe
Any more in this room.
You cannot know. You did not see
Tall trees in the gloom

Of a garden. You were
Suddenly bronze,
To the ankles in leaf-mold. Shadowy moss
Where a carpet was once,

Slipped to a pool.
And would there not be
The fountain head set in its white ruff of stone?
Like leaves from a tree,

Would not little old notes
Discolored and thin,
Break off and float down from a dark-throated pipe
They had blossomed in?

It will never be safe
Here any more.
Under the laughter dead leaves are whispering
Over the floor.

Back of the silence
A faint little gay
Tune is forever seeking a god
Who went away.

A Very Gallant Knight

Frémont. By Allan Nevins. Two volumes. Harper and Brothers. $10.

IT is hoped that the skittish reader will not be driven away by the statement that this comes very near to being an ideal biography. The reviewer scarcely hopes to be taken seriously when he says that it is adapted equally to the serious student and to the general reader. As to the first, it is based on the proper material, including much that has never been used before, it is footnoted and contains a bibliographical essay, its judgments are soberly made and differentiated from the author's opinions as to doubtful points. As for the tired business man, he will find, presented in a charming style and with complete frankness, a story with all the successive thrills of an Oppenheimer.

From a technical point of view one of the few blemishes is the confusion (I, 136) of Presidents Tyler and Polk. As one weaves through the many controversies of Frémont's life one gets some impression of partiality. For instance, in discussing the failure of the fifth expedition, the author places much of the blame upon Bill Williams, who "chose the wrong pass." Of course it was Frémont, who, yielding to advice, "chose" the pass; the leader cannot escape the responsibility. In most controversies the author, while tending to exonerate Frémont, and generally doing so with convincing evidence, avoids unfairness to Frémont's opponents, but in the case of the Blairs he seems to feel some of the animus of the strife. The new material used changes few conclusions, but adds color to the election of 1856. The point of view, at least as to Frémont's character, is a wholesome reaction against recent historical judgments.

This is certainly a story which gains in human interest from being truthfully and completely told. In many respects it is a tragic story. Constantly failure followed success. Three applauded explorations were followed by two that failed. Business success that seemed to bring the wealth of the Indies dwindled into real poverty, and lasting poverty. Military fame and power like that of a Persian satrap tumbled into sordid backbiting and ineffective stalemate. A superb introduction to political life went the way of the other careers. In each and all Frémont reaches a summit quickly and with little difficulty, and descends by a more gradual slope to a valley which is a desert. Yet it is very far from being a complete tragedy. Health and self-respect were never lacking. Above all were fifty years of ideal married life. Mr. Nevins properly makes this a joint life of John C. Frémont and Jessie Benton Frémont. Love at first sight and a union of passions led to an association which met all vicissitudes. The daughter of one of the most powerful men of the day remained equally a devoted and admiring wife when she saw her father launching and partly supporting her husband, when the latter became in turn one of the most distinguished of Americans and a lavish multi-millionaire, and when for twenty years she chiefly supported him. She was always his literary cooperator, and her hair turned gray on that day when his chief misfortune befell him.

Mr. Nevins's final summary of Frémont's abilities and character is well reasoned and convincing. One may quarrel a little with his subtitle, "The West's Greatest Adventurer," but he does well to change Frémont's popular designation of "Pathfinder" to "Pathmarker," for it seems that Frémont's most important contribution was his map work and the publicity he gave in his widely read reports to the attractiveness of the mountains west and the Pacific coast. While Mr. Nevins makes the California affair understandable and defensible, few will fail to agree with him that California would have come to the United States, and

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as soon, without Frémont. In the last forty years of Frémont's life, that is, after he was thirty-seven, the only contribution that might be attributed to him is the saving of Missouri; and the more penetratingly that episode is studied, the more the wishes of its population seem to have been the determining factor.

For the turning of a glowing and brilliant youth into controversy and external futility, personal jealousies and chicanery must be held partly responsible—jealousy of the West Pointer, jealousy turning to enmity for the Blairs, the frauds of his business associates. The seed of the tragedy, however, would seem to lie deeper, in the charm and facility of Frémont's youth, which won him friends more powerful than wise and showered upon him opportunities, if not too great for his abilities, at least before these abilities were ripened. It was his misfortune, and hardly his fault, that all the discipline of life came too late. It is probable, however, that his abilities were not such that, licked into shape, they would have carried him to such peaks as his fascination won for him. His permanent achievements might well have been greater, but we would have missed a stirring and moral tale and the picture of a very gallant knight here presented in all its reality and its buoyant charm.

CARL RUSSELL FISH

Tolstoi's Conflict

Tolstoy. The Inner Drama. By Hugo I'Anson Fausset. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.50.

THE terrific moral struggle expressed in the life and writings of Tolstoi has never been analyzed with such full significance as in this book of Mr. Fausset's. That painful, fruitless seeking after happiness which culminated in a denial of the intellect, of science, of art, of all civilized life, and which was dramatized to the world by the lonely death at Astapovo, was more than the tragedy of an individual. It was symptomatic of diseases in the social body of our time which preyed upon certain temperaments with consuming fury. In probing to the heart of Tolstoi's spiritual sickness Mr. Fausset is therefore diagnosing the ailments that affect the organism of modern society in general.

There are both sympathy and detachment in his approach. On the one hand he is animated by the most liberal ideals of social amelioration; he believes, as did Tolstoi, in the urgent necessity of abolishing the vast disparities in the external conditions of men. On the other hand he recognizes, as Tolstoi did not, the role of the critical intelligence in raising men to a higher moral level. He rightly rejects Spengler's assertion that Tolstoi repudiated the whole Western world idea "from the depth of his humanity" and proves with ample show of reason that it was rather "from the depth of a materialism which he could not humanize." Mr. Fausset's own position makes it clear that humanitarianism and humanism are two different things, but it affords highly satisfying proof that, certain distinguished American critics notwithstanding, the two may be harmoniously fused.

The point of Mr. Fausset's criticism of Tolstoi will be more easily grasped in the light of the distinction that he sets up in his prologue between the three stages of consciousness in the growth of individuals and of peoples. The first is on the primitive or instinctive level, "in which the self is still undifferentiated"; the second is self-conscious, "in which the critical intelligence has separated itself from instinct" and in which there arises a sense of division between the instinctive and rational faculties of the individual; the third is the "ideally human, in which intelligence is again reconciled with instinct as in the first stage but without a sacrifice of the individual consciousness achieved at the cost of dislocation in the second." The dilemma of Tolstoi is seen to result from the fact that he never passed beyond the second stage in this series, never attained to the reconciliation between the natural and the rational which is essential to complete human fruition. All the circumstances of Tolstoi's life and of his development as a writer fit with beautiful precision into this theory. There is not the least sense of strain or distortion such as was felt by the reviewer in connection with some of Mr. Fausset's previous psychological studies.

Tolstoi, according to this interpretation, was a man of keen and intense physical appetites, endowed with a sensitive moral conscience which revolted against those appetites without being able to subdue them. Belonging to a society in which the cultivated elements were the most self-indulgent and corrupt, he became convinced that civilization was synonymous with selfishness and depravity. "He hated civilization because it had merely taught him how to gratify his senses, as he hated science because it had undermined his instinctive faith without supplying him with a higher one." He looked for salvation among the peasants, but could find no genuine peace because there was something fundamentally unreal in the effort to identify his lot with theirs. Even had it been possible for him to become as one of them in his earthly habits, he could not throw off that consciousness of self which placed him on a level of life above that of the primitive peasant. Wearing a mujik's clothes and doing hard manual labor could not kill the activity of his mind, and so the greater part of his life was spent in a torment of unrest. Marriage, the cares of family life, and the activity of intense artistic creation served only temporarily to distract his mind from the insistent goadings of conscience. After a time he gave up his art, and in the end, with a supreme gesture, in which self-assertion was characteristically mingled with renunciation, he gave up his home as well.

The impressive thing about this career is its consuming sincerity. Its value to humanity is not in offering a great exemplar for imitation but in throwing a powerful light on the maladjustments of the world. His role was "to plow the soil from which a new humanity might spring rather than realize that humanity in himself." Viewed in this way, his life is seen to transcend his art, though at bottom his life and his art are inseparable, the same greatness and the same limitations making themselves manifest in both spheres.

JACOB ZEITLIN

A Genius in Malice

Aubrey Beardsley. The Clown, The Harlequin, The Pierrot of His Age. By Haldane Macfall. Simon and Schuster. $6.

IN the early nineties the *Yellow Book* was an exotic gilliflower thrust suddenly into the button-hole of John Bull. It was an offense in his nostrils chiefly because of the unfamiliar and vaguely disturbing aroma imparted to it by the artistic distillations of Aubrey Beardsley. Beardsley scented and saffronized its artificial petals; without him it would have been as stale and innocuous as a pressed daisy in a Methodist hymnbook. In fact, the severance of Beardsley's connection with the *Yellow Book* marked the decline of its unique life. And Beardsley himself, outlawed from its pages, was soon forgotten by the public, so that his later supreme achievement as an artist brought him recognition from only a limited following. After his premature death at the age of twenty-six no immortalizing legends, scandalous, heroic, or pathetic, clustered about him. He failed to warm the popular imagination as did Dowson and Wilde, whose self-martyred urns the Pities have drenched with tears.

The reason for this is not obscure. It lies in the nature of Beardsley's personality and in the temper of his mind. He was a dandy who cultivated affectation and a superior flippancy; he saw life through books and despised the multitude, its morals, its manners, its aspirations. His art is compounded of intellect, wit, a cold, cynical passion for the macabre and the perverse. Despite his marvelously fastidious mastery of pure

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line in beautiful decorative improvisations, his appeal meanders outside the broad stream of familiar and cherished human emotions into a land where puppets masquerade as lechers with hanging paunches and knobby heads, where harlequins pirouette and slim, elegant marquises whisper to elaborately coiffed courtesans, where mingle a motley assemblage of repulsive dwarfs, satyrs, libidinous musicians, and hermaphrodites. If this world of Beardsley's were merely peopled by grotesques the wayfarer would be undisturbed, but he encounters creatures who have writhed in the ecstasies of evil's most secret asceticisms—creatures who have achieved depravities of the soul spiritually more intense than saintly communion with the Divine Beatitude; and their mirth is touched with the infinite ennui of exhausted experience. Wilde also delighted in the sinister and the bizarre, but he redeemed himself with the public by a profoundly human appeal in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol"; the decadent Wilde of "The Sphinx" and "The Harlot's House" dissolved opprobrium in the purgatorial tears of "De Profundis." Aubrey Beardsley made no human gestures. Instead, with Death at his elbow, he dangled his feet in the grave and improvised phallic commentaries on the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes and composed his unprintable erotic romance, "Venus and Tannhäuser." Shortly before he died his friend John Gray bundled him into the arms of the Roman Catholic Church and heard his deathbed request to destroy all his obscene drawings. It is clear that the elements of heroism and pathos which contribute to popular canonization are absent.

Mr. Haldane Macfall's recent book on Beardsley is not likely to become the rallying-point of a new sentimental interest in the man or his art. It is the most ambitious book so far published on Beardsley, for aside from a few essays, notably one by Arthur Symons, and a monograph written by Robert Ross nothing has been attempted. Biographically Mr. Macfall's book is rather disappointing; but as a study of the swift unfolding of Beardsley's artistic powers, as a careful inquiry into his derivations and the shaping of his art through his borrowings, the book is excellent. It is sympathetic yet clear sighted and honest.

One is first introduced to Beardsley as a puerile draftsman nourished on the mild saccharinities of Kate Greenaway, utterly mediocre, apparently with no artistic promise at all. Feebly he began to imitate Burne-Jones. Then with a suddenness almost miraculous he turned out the series of beautiful designs for the Dent "Morte D'Arthur," published in rivalry of the Kelmscott Press. Soon this medieval phase so alien to his essential nature passed and he abandoned himself to the Japanesque, reveling in peacock motives and horned Japanese masks. The atmosphere of the "Salome" designs, which best represent this period, is pervaded by an incense at once exotic and satanic. Then the eighteenth century lured him with its perfection of artifice, its voluminous petticoats and lace and buckled shoes, its false gallantries. Here his art found its true spiritual home. Out of the erotic world of the Greek Vase paintings satyrs stray in to peer at the ladies of fashion masquerading as shepherdesses; and in gardens dimly suggestive of Watteau and Fragonard white Pierrot wanders with his guitar. One really sees in Mr. Macfall's book the flowering of an exquisite artist. It leads one persuasively to a rapturous contemplation of Beardsley's final great period, and demolishes all lingering doubts that any reader may have as to the relative merits of the superb "Rape of the Lock" designs and the early, inferior Japanesques.

On the subject of the artist's obscenities Mr. Macfall takes frank issue with all the fine-spun apologists who assert that Beardsley was fundamentally a satirist lashing the follies of his generation with an ultimate moral objective in mind. The evidence of the drawings themselves lends little support to such an interpretation. The "Lysistrata" designs are beautifully ordered and instinct with classic grace; they are wrought in a spirit blithely impish and cynical. But there is no satirical recoil from the exultant savageries of lust. The flowing line betrays too keen a zest in creating erotic moods to impart a convincing impression of satirical purpose. Beardsley's closest approach to genuine satire is to be found in the use he made of the pallid, attenuated female type which symbolized for the English pre-Raphaelite painters the ideal embodiment of mystical rapture. In this mortified pre-Raphaelite woman Beardsley's cold intuition detected inverted sensuality. He led her over the threshold of the nineties into "The Mysterious Rose Garden," where she lost all memory of the lily of Rossetti. Here in the garden she receives with rapt countenance the Annunciation of Evil, and catching a glimpse of The Great God Pan straightway becomes a nymphomaniac. Smiling her ambiguous, sin-consecrated smile she rules her conduct henceforth in accord with the neo-hedonistic precepts of the decadents and in time grows fat and sad with satiety. This surely is an astonishing satire of the ascetic ideal.

Arthur Symons refers to Beardsley as "the satirist of an age without convictions." Certainly he was the most perfect and beautiful expression of a particular art mood that grew out of fin de siècle ennui and disenchantment. It is a sterile mood, no doubt, yet one that survives in various guises from decade to decade urging the artist to graceful, malicious, recondite sentiments—to precious craftsmanship. In the rarefied atmosphere of this tradition Beardsley the exotic, Beardsley the Night-blooming Cereus will bloom again and yet again.

GLEN MULLIN

T. F. Powys

Mr. Weston's Good Wine. By T. F. Powys. The Viking Press. $3.50.

> The cup I wish to drink is the cup of the earth's blood. I wish to drink deep of the silence, the deep mists, the growing corn, and the movements of birds. The very life that I feel around me should drug me, and each motion and movement and tongue of fire that I feel ought to pass like rich wine into my being. The very stones of the road should yield up to me their thoughts. And no doubt that was what Christ meant, when He spoke about the stones becoming men. To force upon our wonderful bodies the drunkenness of prepared wine is to sour the imagination and to prevent us from ever getting the delicious joy of real drunkenness.
>
> I believe that the more dead anything is the more it lasts; and the more ignoble a thing is the longer it lasts. The most base thing in me longs the most to live forever.
>
> There is something more God-like about the lightning that kills in a moment than about all the feelings that live forever.

THE quotations are from one of the strangest and most moving books of religious confessions ever written: "The Soliloquy of a Hermit," by Theodore Francis Powys, published here in the year 1916. In themselves they furnish a complete explanation of the extraordinary temperament which has produced a series of mystic rural fables. Of these "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" is the most recent—and incomparably the finest. The hero of the tale comes to Mr. Powys's type village, where lechery and feeble-mindedness rule, bearing with him in the tonneau of his Ford truck the bottles of magic liquor which are to bring to the inhabitants the terrible gifts of eternity and annihilation. The entire story is but a symbolic representation of the Dionysian-Christian metaphysic imbedded in the three paragraphs above quoted.

In no other of Mr. Powys's fictions has the unique quality of his mysticism been expressed with such clarity and poetry. In the earlier volumes his intention had appeared to be a relentless depiction of the muddy, brutalized soul of the English peasant; and it did not require six books to make clear his ability

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to carry out that intention. Indeed, "Innocent Birds" and "Mockery Gap" contained so much repetition, so much reworking of Mr. Powys's peculiar naturalistic formula, that he seemed to have obscured and buried forever the original vein which distinguished "The Left Leg" and "Mark Only." Now "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" comes to confirm the impression that Mr. Powys possesses one of the most unusual temperaments to be found among modern English writers. His swinish peasants, his lascivious procuresses, his lecherous squire's sons are present again; but they are not so emphatic as they were in the other volumes. It is to the figures of the tortured Reverend Grobe, the simple Franciscan pietist Luke Bird, the erotic-religious Tamar, and the quiet, ironical Christ, Mr. Weston, that he turns. It is upon them that he expends his most beautiful and measured pages, written in a prose which varies from a sardonic bleakness to the great rhythmic dignities of the seventeenth-century divines.

In his complete lack of relation to the literary movements of his time Mr. Powys is unquestionably the most extraordinary of living English writers. At times nothing less than the accent of greatness seems to inform his pages; and at others he appears, in his schematic peasant characterizations, merely naive, with only a strange bitterness to lift his writing out of mediocrity. In this tale most of the roughness, the repetitions, the overemphases have departed. Yet, "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" will be read no more widely than Mr. Powys's other books. He appears very much like the type of writer whom future generations will discover with a reverent enthusiasm. His mystic farces, his involuted morality plays, his absorption in a richer wine than most of us can drink, in a swift lightning which he alone can embrace—in this day and age these seem irrelevant, unfamiliar, the work of a crank. Only time can give or deny his volumes a place among the major productions of contemporary English literature; but even at this date it is plain to see that there is no one at all like him writing today.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

On Dictatorships

Soviet Versus Civilization. By Augur. D. Appleton and Company. $1.50.

Bolshevism, Fascism, and Democracy. By Francesco Nitti. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

THESE authors see communism as a menace to Western civilization. "The question is," writes Augur, "What measures must be taken to protect civilized society against the attack of alien Moscow?" And the conflict may not be as distant as many in America imagine. In Moscow it is conceived as the inevitable struggle between communism and capitalism, and preparations for it a few months ago were by no means inextensive. The entire population was being provided with gas-masks as a protection against air attacks, the Red Army was being immediately increased, the Red Navy enlarged, and the Red Air Fleet strengthened in both numbers and equipment. It was not that Soviet Russia desired a war, but that Great Britain seemed to be hastening one.

Augur's book is designed to stir hostility against the Soviet Union. It is without question a discharge of war-propaganda. As a diplomatic writer, intimate with the machinations of the Foreign Office, Augur is in an excellent position to observe the direction of foreign policy and the trend of diplomatic relations. That the appearance of his book in England preceded the rupture of Anglo-Russian relations is a fact of no little importance. He is unhesitatingly candid in stating that the growth of the League of Nations and the spirit of the Locarno pact are both expressions of the desire of Western Europe to arm itself against the "menace" of Bolshevism. "It is the rigidity of the present British Government," he writes, "which builds up the wall of a united Europe against them [the Soviet Union]." In other sections of the book the author is anxious to disclose the destructive policy of the Bolsheviki in the Far East and in England itself. They must be combated upon the Far Eastern front and at home. It is an interesting contradiction, indeed, that Augur should see in the propaganda policy of the Bolsheviki in the Far East something emphatically barbarous and in the gunboat policy of Great Britain something essentially humane. In England itself Augur urges that the British Communist Party "be declared illegal," and suggests that the Labor Party effect the gesture. In the light of what recently occurred in the labor movement in Great Britain, the author seems either to have had an uncanny facility at suggestion and prophecy or to have been intimate with plans and policies long before they occurred.

The spirit of Nitti's book is in marked contrast to that of Augur. Augur attacks Soviet Russia because "the moral principles which are the base of the civilization of the white race are denied and ridiculed by the Bolsheviki," and because "*'hate'* is the key to the understanding of Soviet policy" and then proceeds to fill his own book with a hatred that is far more venomous than the hatred he attacks. Nitti, on the other hand, has informed his analyses with something of the plaintive regrets of an elegy. He is a Mazzini who has lived beyond his time. Despite the catastrophic changes effected by the World War, and the disillusionment that has come upon the world in the last decade, he still clings to the old forms and the old ideals. He is still a liberal. He still believes that "the liberal regime, in its various aspects, is alone the permanent and ultimate form of all civilized societies . . . ; it, too, is the only conservative form, in the noblest sense of the word, for it gives an outlet to all new energies and guarantees the free development of all activities." In both Fascism and Bolshevism he detects the elements of destruction. Out of them nothing constructive can arise. Yet even the optimism with which he ends his reflections—"freedom and democracy are not of the past; they are of the future"—is not without an undercurrent of doubt and insecurity. It is not a sturdy, confident, inspiring optimism.

In Nitti's book one notes the same attitude toward Bolshevism that is to be discovered in the work of Rene Fülöp-Miller. Both men abhor the idea of dictatorship. What neither can see, however, is that while dictatorship is never pleasant, its forms are not confined to Italy and Soviet Russia. They want to oppose dictatorship and yet they cling to a form of society whose vested interests tend to the dictatorial the moment they are threatened with even an insinuation of a crisis. Nor can they see that a dictatorship in favor of the many may be more humane and justifiable than a dictatorship in favor of the few.

V. F. CALVERTON

Official History Moves On

The Immediate Origins of the War, 28th June–4th August, 1914. By Pierre Renouvin. Translated by T. C. Hume, with a Preface by Charles Seymour. Yale University Press. $4.

PROFESSOR SEYMOUR, Mr. Hume, and the Yale University Press have placed us in their debt by giving us in English dress the notable book of Pierre Renouvin of the French War Museum on the immediate causes of the World War. This is the definitive official French version of this highly controversial subject, and it is very useful to have the work made accessible to American readers. It is fortunate that the translation was delayed until the second French edition had appeared, even though Professor Renouvin has been amazingly reluctant to correct the errors of fact and judgment which were pointed out by his critics in the first edition.

While Renouvin lacks the unerring impartiality and absolutely consistent logic of Georges Demartial, his book is the most competent detailed summary of the crisis of 1914 which

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has thus far appeared in France. Yet the author is not, as Professor Seymour would lead us to believe, the French Sidney Bradshaw Fay, but is rather the Bernadotte Schmitt of France. Indeed, a great French scholar has recently denominated Schmitt the American Renouvin. Renouvin is not, as Professor Seymour maintains, free from national spirit, completely objective, or judicious and logical in drawing his conclusions, but he is amazingly impartial and sweet-tempered for an official French chronicler, especially one who was distressingly wounded and mutilated in battle on behalf of his country. He has a long way to go to match Fabre-Luce or Demartial in candor and objectivity, but it is almost miraculous that he has advanced as far as he has.

In almost every case Renouvin interprets the important documents in the manner most unfavorable to the German and Austrian case, in some instances clinging resolutely to archaic views long since abandoned by up-to-date students of the problem—for example, his defense of the Versailles interpretation of the Szögyény telegram. On the crucial question of whether Germany decided for war on the evening of July 30 before hearing of the Russian mobilization he follows the view of Heinrich Kanner as against that of Professor Fay, a procedure not unlike choosing Captain Cook as against Admiral Peary for one's guide on polar explorations. Likewise, he is at all points as favorable to France as he could be without making use of the forged and distorted "Yellow Book." He even clings to the conventional theory of the ten-kilometer withdrawal in spite of the complete exposure of the hoax in the British documents. He fails to reveal with proper emphasis Viviani's notorious falsification of the mobilization dates and of the German attitude toward Austria. Russia and England are also treated with great delicacy. He ignores Pachich's letter of July 31, and has not seen Sazonov's memoirs in which the latter admits that he paid no attention to Austro-German diplomatic proposals after July 29. This enables Renouvin to hold that Russian diplomacy in 1914 was sincere and not a mere effort to gain time, as both Dobrorolski and now Sazonov have admitted to have been the case. Finally, the conclusions are rarely compatible with the facts as set forth in the body of the book. With all respect to Professor Renouvin, it must be said that this concluding portion of the work wavers between disingenuousness and Jesuitry.

Yet the book is very valuable and should be read to make it clear how little of the war-time propaganda against the Central Powers and of the indictment of Germany and Austria by Lansing, Scott, and others at Versailles can be salvaged by a clever and informed person whose efforts as conserver-in-chief are limited only by the bounds of formal honesty. Professors Hazen, Edward Turner, Anderson, and Stearns Davis are bound to find it a bitter pill to swallow, when they reflect that this is the very best that an honest Frenchman can do to save the case to which they gave their sweat and blood from 1914 to 1919.

HARRY ELMER BARNES

Books in Brief

Stars and Atoms. By A. S. Eddington. Yale University Press.

This is one of the most delightful and important monographs on astronomy ever to appear in the literature of science. The rapid strides of physics and chemistry into the realm of the stars have fairly bewildered students of the older astronomy. The author has rendered a remarkable service in giving the general reader, without mathematical details, the essential problems of modern astrophysics. With a sufficiently extensive description of the atom and its ionization, the author portrays the essential make-up of the sun and stars and makes clear the problem of the maintenance of their heat. When one reads the all too often dogmatic statements concerning recent advances in astronomy, one feels refreshed in finding so great an au-

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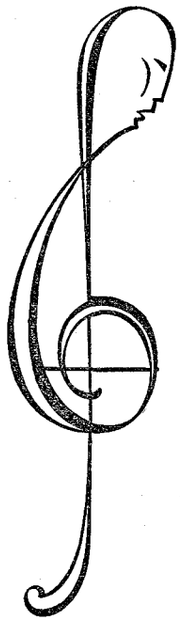

Few people know that Debussy the composer, graceful exponent of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, was also Debussy the critic, a man with very provocative views on music and musicians. Monsieur Croche, the dilettante-hater, is an imaginary character through whose mouth Debussy expressed his jovial wisdom—on every subject from Beethoven to barrel-organs. All music-lovers and dilettante-haters will find his acquaintance worth making.

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thority as Dr. Eddington sounding notes of caution while making sharp distinctions between the demonstrable and the speculative. In his final chapter on Stellar Evolution, Dr. Eddington makes a strong argument for the annihilation of matter through the radiation of mass, but does not overlook such technical details and perplexities as the simultaneous existence of giant and dwarf stars in coeval clusters and the problem of devising laws for the release of sub-atomic energy consistent with the demands of astronomical observations and at the same time reconcilable with any satisfactory picture of the annihilation of matter which the student of sub-atomic activity can postulate.

Contemporary Thought of Great Britain. By Alban G. Widgery. (Library of Contemporary Thought.) Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

This is an off-shore breeze joining the international trade winds of doctrine in mid-ocean. It is claimed by its author, who is Stanton Lecturer in the philosophy of religion in the University of Cambridge, that it is an indicator of atmospheric conditions in the spiritual weather on the British Isles. All of the intelligentsia of higher orders of magnitude are listed and labeled with their recognized stereotyped opinions on man and the universe. These opinions and their influences make good material for after-dinner conversation. Like our other small popularizing volumes, this one leads one to the pious hope that its readers will be tempted to try the straighter and narrower path to the originals.

The Savour of Life. By Arnold Bennett. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

Another set of comments on things which interest Mr. Bennett. If there is anything which becomes utterly wearisome after the fiftieth page of a three-hundred-page book it is unadulterated common sense—Mr. Bennett's main stock in trade. One begins to long for a little fancy theory, a few startling and possibly indefensibly fantastic ideas; Mr. Bennett's loose man-in-the-street prose is so sane that it eventually drives one mad. Is it really necessary that he should publish his two books a year?

Mr. Justice Holmes and the Constitution. By Felix Frankfurter. Boston: Dunster House Papers, No. 4.

Mr. Frankfurter's name is a gallant one in the recent history of liberal causes. In this pamphlet he presents the man who has for a quarter century prevented the Constitution of the United States from being exclusively the instrument of intrenched property rights. The tone is that of an exalted admiration, and he would be sluggish blooded indeed who were to begrudge Mr. Frankfurter his enthusiasm or fail to share it. It may be that Justice Holmes will be better remembered for his brilliancy and his generous humanity than for his specific contributions to law. He has, for example, never formally abjured the unsocial doctrine of property in the Rideout case (decided by him in 1888) or the mischievous theory of contract announced in his splendid book on the Common Law. Yet there are no better examples in our judicial history of a finely cultivated mind exercising great power with a full sense of social responsibility. In the words of that Roman law he so unaccountably dislikes, "Ita ius reddit ut auctoritatem dignitatis ingenio suo augeat."

Old Masters and Modern Art; France and England. By Sir Charles Holmes. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $7.50.

Sir Charles's third volume in his series "Old Masters and Modern Art" is distinguished by honesty and sensitivity. While one, naturally, does not agree exactly with his judgments, it is evident that he is not prejudiced by an aesthetic or by national and institutional pride. More positively his appreciation of temporarily demoded artists such as Hogarth, Gainsborough, Delacroix, Manet, and Van Gogh is especially enjoyable, while those in the run, excepting perhaps Renoir, are not undervalued.

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International Relations Section

Mr. Firestone's Liberia

By RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

LIBERIA, founded in 1819 by American philanthropists as a home for freed slaves, consists of a strip of coast inhabited by about 10,000 descendants of the American Negroes, 40,000 "civilized" natives, and, in the interior, a million and a half naked aborigines ruled by Liberian native commissioners. There are 10,000 qualified voters in the republic; yet last May President King was reelected by a majority of 225,000! If it were not for the $300,000 which American missionary societies pour into Liberia annually, the people would have great difficulty in paying their board bill.

In 1872, 1906, and 1912 Liberia contracted loans with foreign bankers to avert bankruptcy. In the first two of these loans, British financiers frankly swindled the republic; and in the 1912 loan, negotiated under the auspices of the American Government, foreign traders and bondholders made a profit of 100 per cent or more from Liberian paper, acquired at a heavy discount, which the Liberian Government was obliged to redeem nearly at par. Liberia was also obliged to place the collection of her customs in the hands of an American general receiver, who acted also as financial adviser to the Government, and of French, German, and British receivers, and to put her frontier force in the hands of American military officers.

The World War cut away half of Liberia's customs duties, her chief source of revenue. In 1915 the revolt of the Kru tribe might have led to the intervention of France and England but for the arrival of the United States warship Chester and of 500 Krag carbines and 2,500 rounds of ammunition from the United States War Department. The Chester was sent on condition that the Liberian Government would enact drastic reforms in its native and financial policy. But the revolt ended, the Liberian Government failed to live up to its part of the agreement, and the result was that the American receiver of customs resigned.

Upon renewed promises and pleas, President Wilson established a credit of $5,000,000 in favor of Liberia in September, 1918. Except for a sum to cover the expenses of the Liberian delegation to the Paris Peace Conference, Liberia was not allowed to draw upon this sum until an agreement could be reached as to the establishment of American control over the country and the enactment of reforms. In October, 1921, the two governments finally signed an agreement at Washington for a loan of $5,000,000 at 5 per cent, on the understanding that the finances, native policy, and military affairs of the republic should be administered by an American financial commission having twenty-two members, who would draw combined salaries of $109,700 a year. This met with bitter opposition in Monrovia; and when it failed of ratification by the American Senate there was general rejoicing.

Some time later representatives of the Firestone rubber interests of Akron, Ohio, hove into view. Their quest was for rubber lands, and they came with the blessings of the State Department and of Herbert Hoover, who was then denouncing the Stevenson plan for restricting rubber exports from British Malaysia. Mr. Hoover seemed unaware that even then rubber was selling at less than half its 1914 price, and he certainly would not anticipate its subsequent drop to a still lower rate. He felt it to be the patriotic duty of good Americans to start rubber-growing in the tropics. In June, 1924, the Firestone representatives presented drafts of three agreements to the Liberian Government. "Planting Agreement Number One" provided for the lease to the Firestone Plantation Company of the Mount Barclay rubber plantation, which had been developed by a British rubber concern before the World War, but which had now apparently become the property of the Liberian Government. "Agreement Number Two" provided for the lease of a million acres of rubber-bearing land to Mr. Firestone for ninety-nine years at an annual rent of six cents an acre for land under development and a rubber export tax of 1 per cent to be levied after six years. "Agreement Number Three" obliged Mr. Firestone to advance money to Liberia at 7 per cent interest to repair the harbor of Monrovia.

In January, 1925, the Liberian Legislature tentatively approved these agreements. Shortly afterward Mr. Firestone cabled his approval and asked President King to hold the legislature in session until the Firestone representative could return and secure a definitive ratification. As an additional incentive it is understood that he offered to pay overtime to the members. Apparently indignant, President King adjourned the legislature. But when Mr. Firestone's representative reached Liberia, the Cabinet was surprised to learn that a clause (known as Clause K) had been inserted in the agreements declaring that their operation would depend upon the acceptance of a loan upon the same terms as in 1921. Unfortunately, difficulties with the French over the boundary question had become acute; and fearing that the support of the United States would be no longer forthcoming if the views of the American Government were not sympathetically entertained, the Liberian Government finally agreed to accept the loan, provided it came from a source independent of Mr. Firestone. In July, 1925, the Liberian Secretary of State was instructed to proceed to the United States to take up the matter of the French boundary with the American State Department as well as to arrange for the loan. In the following September he signed in New York the three Planting Agreements with the Firestone Plantation Company and also a loan agreement with the Finance Corporation of America, a mysterious body which, so far as I have been able to ascertain after diligent inquiry, was established and financed by Mr. Firestone for the sole purpose of making this loan.

The new loan agreement, as finally amended, authorizes a forty-year loan of $5,000,000 at 7 per cent interest. The Finance Corporation agrees, however, to purchase bonds only to the extent of $2,500,000 and at a price of 90, thus yielding to the Liberian Government $2,250,000 and to the Finance Corporation an eventual profit of $250,000. The second $2,500,000 may be issued later in the open market. The loan is a lien on the Liberian customs, which must be applied first to the cost of collecting these customs and then to the payment of the service of the loan. The remainder goes to the Liberian Government. Revenues, whether external or internal, of the Liberian Government are to be collected under the "supervision" of an American financial adviser, a supervisor of customs, and a supervisor

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of internal revenue. The financial adviser, who is "designated" by the President of the United States, nominates the other American officials after having first notified their names to the American State Department.

The revenues of the Liberian Government can be expended only in accordance with a budget annually drawn up with the approval of the American financial adviser. The Liberian treasurer may not write a single check until it has been preaudited by an American auditor. The Liberian frontier force must also be put in charge of two American officers.

In return Liberia receives the proceeds of these bonds, with which she must redeem about $1,185,200 of outstanding 1912 bonds, pay the costs of the preparation and execution of the new bonds, repay about $35,000 owed to the American Government for Liberia's expenses at the Paris Peace Conference, and pay off her internal debt, part of which has been funded by issues of 3 and 5 per cent internal bonds. Thus only a few thousand dollars will be available for productive purposes. This agreement refunds a 5 per cent loan, upon which interest is regularly being paid and which would have expired in 1952, with a 7 per cent loan which will not expire until 1967! It also imposes upon the Liberian budget salary charges for American officials amounting to $50,000 annually. Altogether, interest and sinking-fund charges, plus these salaries, will equal about two-fifths of the total expenditures of the Liberian Government in 1925.

While Liberia thus loses, foreign bondholders gain. Money invested in the 5 per cent bonds of 1912 is released for investment in the 7 per cent issue. The internal debt, represented by certificates of indebtedness and domestic bonds, many of which had been bought up at a low price by European traders in Monrovia, will be redeemed at par, resulting in a profit to European holders in some cases of more than 100 per cent.

Such are the terms of the three Planting Agreements and of the loan which were discussed by the Liberian Legislature in the winter of 1925-1926. Meanwhile Firestone's publicity men made the mistake of sending to Monrovia copies of the December issue of the *Firestone Non-Skid*. This trade journal contained a statement that Mr. Firestone would bring 30,000 Americans to Liberia—a number which would exceed the total number of Europeans in all of the British colonies in West Africa. This came as a jolt to the people of Monrovia, many of whom now declared that the "country had been sold out to the white man." A distrustful legislature inserted an amendment in the Planting Agreement limiting the number of Americans in Firestone's employ to 1,500.

In the early months of 1926 the Liberian Legislature approved these four agreements, but added several amendments, chiefly relating to the loan agreement. The Firestone Plantation Company thereupon suspended work in clearing rubber lands, and engineers who in theory had been working on the harbor were called home. Mr. De la Rue, the American financial adviser, returned to the United States, and the State Department recalled the Negro clergyman, Rev. Solomon Hood, who had been American Minister at Monrovia, and named in his place as charge Reed Paige Clark, the white man who had resigned as financial adviser in 1916 because of disagreements with the Liberian Government. Before leaving America Mr. Clark visited Mr. Firestone in Akron, Ohio. He was soon fol-

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lowed to Liberia by Mr. De la Rue and Mr. Harvey Firestone, Jr. Firestone finally accepted most of the legislature's amendments, but insisted that the Liberian Government should bind itself not to make a new loan of any kind, whether for refunding or for any other purpose, for a period of thirty years without his consent. President King declined, and the senior Firestone finally cabled his son to call the deal off and come home. At this juncture the American diplomatic representative intervened, telling the President that the responsibility for the failure for this project would fall upon his head alone. Mr. King then agreed that for twenty years no refunding operations should take place. Thus even if British or American banks offer Liberia a 5 per cent loan with which to refund the present 7 per cent obligation, Liberia can do nothing until 1947 without Mr. Firestone's consent. The loan agreement finally went into effect on July 1, 1927.

There was practically unanimous feeling against the new loan when its terms first became known in Monrovia in December, 1925. Every cabinet member with whom I talked expressed the opinion that it would be harmful to the country. Nevertheless, two weeks after the first expressions against the loan the Liberian Government decided to accept it in principle, and in the following year it even accepted the anti-refunding provision. The only amendments which the legislature made decreased the power and number of the American officials.

When I inquired as to the reason for this change the Liberian officials said: "The American State Department told us to accept this loan." The State Department did not, I found, definitely urge the Liberian Government to accept the loan, but it did state that in its opinion the Firestone proposals offered a unique opportunity for the financial rehabilitation of Liberia and that it hoped the government would not make any amendments which would defeat the acceptance of the plan as a whole.

Now, Liberia had been engaged in a boundary dispute with the French over the village of Zinta, and many Liberians believed that American support against France could be counted upon only if Liberia admitted American capital into the country. And as soon as Firestone and Liberia reached a mutual agreement, the French trouble did in fact come to an end. A Franco-Liberian survey proved that Zinta was not, as our State Department had insisted, on the Liberian side of the treaty-line; nevertheless the French Government handed the village of Zinta over to Liberia in return for compensation elsewhere.

While the "civilized Liberians" unanimously opposed the loan, many of them favored the development of rubber plantations because it would "bring money into the country" and give opportunities for employment which had not existed before. The Liberians in control of the government do not, however, represent the aborigines in the hinterland upon whose land these plantations will probably be established and with whose labor they must be developed. The Firestone Planting Agreement contains a provision excluding from its operation "tribal reserves of land set aside for the communal use of any tribe within the republic." But under the laws of Liberia, a chief must obtain a deed from the government before such a reserve is legally recognized, a process with which few chiefs are familiar. The Firestone managers assert that they do not take native land; but this forbearance rests not upon any legal guaranty but merely upon their good-will. The managers presumably

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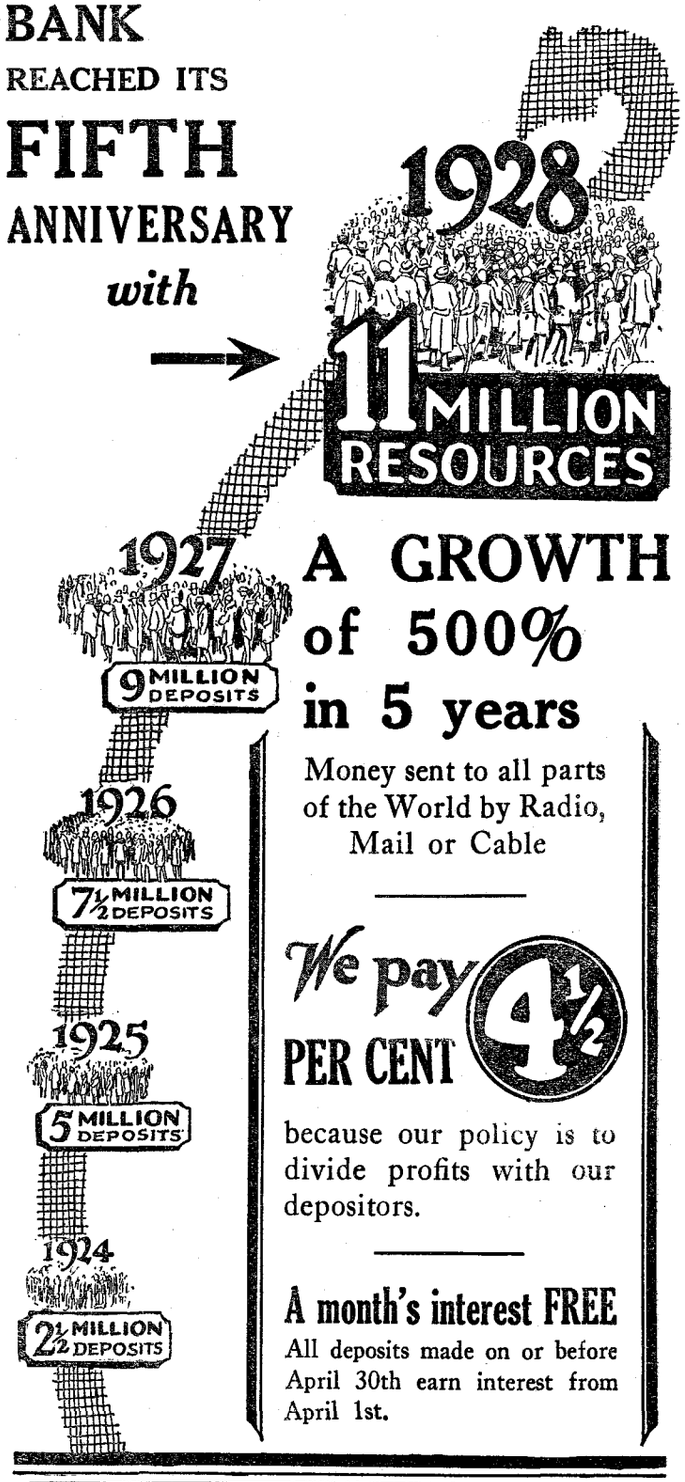

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do not have a profound knowledge of native custom or language. The governments of French Equatorial Africa and of the Belgian Congo have unsuccessfully attempted to safeguard native rights by establishing native conclaves in the center of European concessions, and it is doubtful whether Liberia will be able to make this policy more effective than they.

Out of enlightened self-interest the Firestone company will probably treat its labor as well as in the best plantations and mines in the Belgian Congo or in South Africa. Nevertheless, all African experience shows that the treatment of individual laborers under European employment is of less importance than the methods by which these laborers are induced to accept employment. In every other part of Africa where large-scale European industry has entered, it has outrun the local labor supply, which has led employers to invoke the aid of governments and of professional recruiting agents in scouring the surrounding territory for men. The plantation system of industry has led, directly or indirectly, to compulsory labor in South Africa, the Portuguese colonies, the Belgian Congo, French Equatorial Africa, and the British colony of Kenya, and this has meant the disorganization of native village life, a falling off of births, and an excessive number of deaths.

One article of the Firestone Planting Agreement frankly provides that the Liberian Government will "encourage and assist the efforts of the lessee to secure and maintain an adequate labor supply." The government has already established a labor bureau to furnish the Firestone plantations with men. According to the Negro head of this bureau, Mr. Firestone pays to the government and the chiefs for each man recruited one cent per day. While there is no enactment obliging the men to work, the order of the chief is, in fact, law and few dare disobey it. As long as the Firestone company makes it financially profitable for the chiefs to supply labor, the available men must work whether they like it or not. This is the system which prevails in regard to labor for the roads in Liberia and which has prevailed in regard to labor for the Spanish plantations in Fernando.

On at least three different occasions Mr. Firestone has stated that to develop his concession in Liberia 300,000 men would be required. This would absorb practically the entire able-bodied male population in the country between the ages of 18 and 40. Strenuous recruiting efforts in the Belgian Congo, having a total population of 10,500,000, have produced a labor supply of only 300,000, while similar efforts have furnished the European farmers of Kenya a labor supply of 169,000 in a population of 2,500,000. If Mr. Firestone employs 300,000 in Liberia he will equal the record of the Congo, which has five times Liberia's population.

The French and British governments have rigorously resisted the efforts of European capital to instal the plantation system in West Africa. Instead they have developed the native small-farm system, under which the native produces for himself upon native land and under European instruction. It is one of the ironies of history that the Government of the United States should cast the weight of its influence in favor of a system which the French and British have discarded as harmful to native interests.

Moreover, the cost of collecting the customs amounts to 4.5 per cent of the total in British Sierra Leone, and to 2.7 per cent in Nigeria. In Liberia, where the customs are collected by American officials, the cost is 24.3 per cent. Obviously something is fundamentally defective in the American system of control. The American officials in Liberia are not officials of the United States; theoretically they are officials of the Liberian Government, but as a matter of fact the Liberian Government cannot choose or remove them. They are put in office and kept there by the State Department of the United States, but it exercises no control over them. The American State Department has less to do with them than does the National City Bank, which is the fiscal agent of the Liberian loan. The system is not only expensive but irresponsible.

In the neighboring colonies of Nigeria, the Gold Coast, and Sierra Leone the British Government has taken over the administration of the country. But it does more than collect the customs to repay British bondholders; it has built railways and public schools, giving the people lessons in self-government. The American Government in Liberia has assumed none of these responsibilities, yet, through the good offices of Mr. Hoover and the State Department, Americans have received in Liberia concessions not matched anywhere else in Africa, and through these good offices Liberia is obliged to submit to a system of irresponsible financial control which deprives it of more than a quarter of its customs revenue for unproductive purposes.

By accepting the Firestone concession and loan, the Liberian Government has anchored American interests in the country and thus forestalled the real or imaginary aggressions of England or of France. But the American State Department, unless it departs radically from the policy which it follows in Latin America and China, will soon find itself defending American capital in and American control over Liberia against impairment whether from within or without. The State Department arranges for arbitration with the Liberian Government concerning the interpretation of the Planting Agreements and the loan, and it appoints certain officials. In making these commitments, the State Department has received no authority from Congress; and it now declines to give out the texts upon which these commitments are based. It is understood that it has even refused to give the text of these agreements to the Department of Commerce. The Firestone Plantations Company, the National City Bank, and the Finance Corporation of America have also declined to give out the text of these agreements.

It is another case of "secret diplomacy" in which the American people are becoming involved in commitments which will hardly be to their liking when known.

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